

# THE CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *March*, 1762

## ARTICLE I.

*The Art of Speaking. Containing, I. An Essay; in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or public Speaking; and, II. Lessons taken from the Antients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations were thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italics; with Notes of Direction referring to the Essay. To which are added, A Table of the Lessons; and an Index of the various Passions and Humours in the Essay and Lessons. 8vo. Pr. 4s. 6d. Longman.*

**T**HIS treatise in octavo consists of an essay on the art of speaking, contained in six and forty pages; and the remaining part of the book, which is protracted to the three hundredth and seventy-third page, the author has filled up with illustrations of his doctrine, being quotations from different authors, antient and modern, in prose and verse. These quotations, which he calls *lessons*, are selected with a view to specify the different passions, which are marked in abbreviations on the margin; and the words on which the emphasis is to be laid, are printed in *Italics* for the information of the reader.

The rules laid down for elocution, in the prefixed essay, are mostly taken from Quintilian, Cicero de Oratore, dean Swift's letter to a young clergyman, and a few papers in the Spectator; and these are mingled with some curious observations, drawn from the fountain of the author's own knowledge and experience. Without his information, how should we have discovered the truth and sanity of these maxims. 'Young persons ought not to be put on writing (from their own funds, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have got funds.' In like manner, a man should not be compelled to pay until he has got money. 'Address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful even in a private life.'

'The limbs are part of the body, much less noble than the tongue.' This, however, depends in a great measure, on the manner in which they are exercised; whether in advancing to the enemy, or in running away; whether in giving or taking; whether in sealing or stealing; whether in speaking to the purpose, or not to the purpose; whether in giving pleasure or disgust; whether in defending the injured, or in defaming the innocent. The tongue is a member intirely subservient to the will, and has little or no merit in itself, but what is derived from the understanding: it is not, therefore, quite so clear as our author imagines, that the tongue is nobler than the limbs: certain we are, it is not so useful; and we question much, notwithstanding all his skill in pronunciation, whether if he was driven to the alternative, he would not rather forfeit the use of speech, than be deprived of all his other members.

The art of speaking is, no doubt, an agreeable accomplishment, and, on many occasions, a necessary acquisition; but there is a meanness and poverty of language which no elocution can dignify or adorn; and to speak our mind freely, the file of the performance now before us is not at all remarkable for elegance and harmony; but the reader shall judge from a small specimen taken at random:

'If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*; which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon and refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown* and *untought of*. The antients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres, and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstritæ. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish, that Mr. Sheridan, or some other person qualified like him, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

'It is well when a youth has no natural *defect*, or *impediment*, in his speech. And I should, by no means, advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence, in spite of them. Demosthenes could not, when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisp-

ing,



ing, and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R with the throat, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side; some raise their eyebrows at every third word; some open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth so close together, that one would think their jaws were set; some shrivel all their features together into the middle of their faces; some push out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience; others hem at every pause; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broke of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended *fewer* persons.

He says below, 'a natural genius for elocution supposes an ear; though it does not always suppose a musical ear.' What the gentleman means by a musical ear, we know not, unless it be a faculty of distinguishing sounds, and of chusing those that are agreeable. Without this faculty of chusing, we apprehend, it is impossible to attain the art of harmonious or melodious speaking; and any other ears would be no better than the ears of Midas.

The rules which our author has collected for propriety of pronunciation are generally just enough, and the illustrations well adapted; yet he who professes the art of delivery often delivers himself in such an embarrassed stile, as is neither agreeable nor easily understood. Example, "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news?" "If the enquirer wants only to know, whether *myself*, or some *other* person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he knows, that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know*, what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the emphasis upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the emphasis upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the emphasis upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only *wants to know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the emphasis upon *news*. If he knows all the rest, and

wants only to know, whether the news, I heard, was *bad*; he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.' Never surely was a noble lord so hacknied; but I hope we shall hear no more such news from court, either by lord or loon.

He tells us, that in every different state of the mind, the eye assumes a different appearance, and almost in the same breath observes, that mirth half shuts the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; and that grief half closes and drowns the eye in tears.—Jealousy, and squinting envy, dart their contagious blasts *at* the eye—at what eye? at the eye which they themselves occupy; or at the eyes of other people, literally fulfilling the vulgar execration, “Blast your eyes!” Nay, that we may not forget the effects of mirth or laughter, they are repeated verbatim in the same page; and those of joy in the next. He describes the expression of passions, humours, sentiments, and intentions in the different articles of tranquility, (we should be glad to know whether this is a passion, humour, sentiment, or intention) cheerfulness, mirth, raillery, buffoonery, joy, delight, gravity, enquiry, attention, modesty, perplexity, vexation, pity, grief, melancholy, despair, fear, shame, remorse, courage, boasting, pride, obstinacy, authority, commanding, forbidding, affirming, denying, differing in opinion, agreeing in opinion, exhorting, judging, reproof, acquitting, condemning, teaching, pardoning, arguing, dismissing with approbation, refusing with displeasure, granting, dependence, veneration, respect for a superior, hope, desire, love, wonder, admiration, gratitude, curiosity, persuasion, tempting, or wheedling, promising, affectation, sloth, walking asleep, intoxication, anger, peevishness, malice, envy, revenge, cruelty, complaining, fatigue, aversion, commendation, jealousy, dotage, folly, distraction, sickness, fainting, and death. We have not time nor room to comment upon each particular description, though there is scarce one of them, in our opinion, unexceptionable. We shall only observe, that here is not a word of horror, nor of avarice; that sloth, and walking in one’s sleep, can hardly be called either passion, humour, sentiment, or intention; that intoxication can hardly be classed under any of those heads; and that its expression is totally opposite in different characters, just as the patient happens to be good or ill-natured in his drink. That jealousy can hardly be called a passion, as it is rather a storm brewed up by all the passions incident to the human breast; but whether, as our author says, it would be well expressed by one who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the inquisition, or who had seen what the dungeons of the inquisition are, the best earthly emblem of, viz. hell, we cannot pretend to determine, as we never saw either hell or the inquisition. We should imagine, however, under correction of our author’s experience in these particulars, that



that there is an ingredient in jealousy, and indeed essential to it, called *doubt*, which can hardly appear in a person under the tortures of the inquisition, or, writhing in hell flames. By the bye, doubt and suspicion are passions which we do not find separately described in this essay. As for dotage and disease, they are surely not to be numbered among the passions of the mind, its humours, sentiments, and intentions. Neither can we allow fainting to be a mental affection, which is a corporeal evil, and a privation of all sense, and death, we hope, is out of the question. But granting dotage, intoxication, sickness, fainting, and death, were really passions, humours, sentiments, or intentions, we cannot conceive what they have to do with the art of speaking. It can hardly be supposed that people, who are fainting or dead, should attend to the rules of pronunciation; and we believe few occasions will occur, either in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar, in which the orator has occasion to express these situations, (those of dotage and intoxication excepted, which may be exhibited without rule) nor do we apprehend he will think it necessary to exhibit on these scenes, the representation of pride, *the mouth shut, and the lips pinched close, while the words walk out astrut with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance—the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides*. How the words *walk out astrut*, while the mouth is shut, we cannot conceive; nor in what manner the orator can take large tragedy-strides, either in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar. Far less will he find it convenient to represent the horrors of jealousy, or the rage of distraction, in which our author tells us the patient *distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all the parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters with hideous bellowings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach, and, if not restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.*—For sloth and folly, we think the orator may trust to nature. Our author seems to have lost sight of his proposition, which is to teach the art of speaking, and to be hurried, as it were, *malgre lui*, into the art of acting, which we take to be altogether a different subject. In a word, though there is abundance of good sense in this essay, yet it is mixed with some ludicrous oddities, and written, and indeed printed in such a manner, as, we apprehend, will not much recommend it to the reader's attention.

Among the lessons which constitute three-fourths of the book, we have specimens of historical narration, translated from Salust, Valerius Maximus, and Cicero; of arguing from Gravefande and Tully; of irony from Swift; remonstrance from Montaigne; horrors of war from the Iliad; and of every other

passion or affection from a variety of authors: the particular passages marked on the margin; FEAR, DEJECTION, REMORSE, DEVOTION, CONTRITION, CONCERN, &c. Among these pieces, which, in general, are judiciously selected, we find some flat and flimsy abstracts from Ambrose Phillips; a love-sick shepherd's complaint, which is simple enough; and a description of the earthquake that destroyed Ariconium, in which, amidst many fustian instances of the bathos, we find the Britons, before the Roman province was established in this island, performing the rites of Thor and Woden, two Saxon gods, whom they did not know.

We wish our author had spared himself the trouble of mending or piecing Shakespear; a favour he has done him in an extract of a scene from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

*Shakespear.*

— Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river, with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies fifteen i'th'litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor: for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled? I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*His Reformer.*

Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if ever I let myself be served such another trick, I'll have my brains, if there be any in my skull, taken out and buttered, to be given to my dog Fowler, for his breakfast on New-year's day. The rogues chucked me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th'litter; and then a man of my weight must have a comfortable alacrity in sinking. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river Styx, down I should have gone. For that matter I had been fairly drowned, if the shore had not been so kind as to shelve it a little in my favour; and then to think, only to think of my being drowned? a man of my size! for your fresh water swells you an ordinary man to the size of a middling porpus. As for me, an I were to be drowned, I suppose there is ne'er a whale of them all, that would not be out of countenance at the sight of me.

Besides



Besides the merit of these alterations, which doubtless improve the propriety, humour, and spirit of the original, they convey some curious hints of information. We learn that fresh water swells an ordinary man to the size of a middling porpus. We did not know that *fresh* water had swelled a man more than *salt* water. The Grave-digger in Hamlet, says, "Your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body;" and, without doubt, *salt* water will resist putrefaction longer than *fresh* water; but nevertheless, an animal body will putrefy even in salt water, and swell as much as if it was immersed in fresh water. Then with respect to the *middling porpus*, we always imagined that the size of an ordinary man was three times as much as the middling size of that animal; therefore, an ordinary man swelled, that should be no bigger than a middling porpus, would be a phenomenon indeed!—for *porpus*, read *grampus*, meo periculo. As for a *whale* out of countenance, as we have never seen such a thing, we cannot judge of the idea.

## Shakespeare.

—yea, a buck basket;  
rammed me in with foul  
shirts and smocks, socks,  
foul stockings, and greasy  
napkins; that, master  
Brook, there was the rank-  
est compound of villainous  
smell that ever offended  
nostril——

— I suffered the pangs  
of three egregious deaths;  
first, an intolerable fright,  
to be detected by a jealous  
rotten bell-weather; next  
to be compassed like a good  
bilbo, in the circumference  
of a peck, hilt to point,  
heel to head: and then to  
be stopt in, like a strong  
distillation, with stinking  
cloaths that fretted in their  
own grease: think of that,  
a man of my kidney; think  
of that, that am as subject  
to heat as butter; a man  
of continual dissolution and  
thaw; it was a miracle to  
scape suffocation. And in  
the

## His Reformer.

—yea, a buck-basket; rammed  
in with foul shirts and smocks,  
*sweaty* socks, *dirty handkerchiefs*,  
*greasy* night-caps, and INFANTS  
CLOUTS, FRESH FROM THEIR  
STINKING TAILS. (Pray mind the  
antithesis between *fresh* and *stink-  
ing*) That, master Brook, there was  
as great a variety of villainous smells  
as there was of living things in Noah's  
ark. There I suffered the pangs  
of three *unnatural* deaths. First,  
the intolerable *fear* of being de-  
tected by a jealous, *old* bell-wea-  
ther; next, to be *coil'd up*, like an  
*overgrown snake in a dungbill*, (how  
does this image imply want of  
room?) *roll'd round within the cir-  
cumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel  
to head*; (here the beautiful simile  
of a fine elastic sword blade is en-  
tirely dropped) *thirdly, and lastly*,  
master Brook, to be stopt in like a  
strong distillation, with stinking  
clothes, that *fermented* in their own  
grease. Think of that, master  
Brook, a man of my body, that am as  
liable to melt as a lump of Epping but-  
ter,

the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that; hissing hot; think of that, master Brook.

ter, exposed to the sun-beams on the 20th of June at noon-day. Think of that, master Brook; and that while I was in the midst of this high salivation, from which, that I escaped without suffocation, is neither more nor less than a miracle, while I was in the height of this hot bath: I say, with my very bones melted almost to the consistency of calves-foot jelly, to be flung into the Thames, cool'd glowing hot, as I was, case-hardened at once; think of that, master Brook; hissing hot; think of that, master Brook.

Shakespeare's genius may be compared to the strength of William the Conqueror, who was the only man in his kingdom that could draw his own bow; or, to be more poetical, his Pegasus resembled in spirit the horses of the sun, which none but a divinity could manage. The same pains, with the like success, our rhetorician has taken with the humorous scene of the plebeians in the *Midsummer's Night Dream*. We should have excused him likewise, if he had forbore garbling and interpolating Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, in order to introduce satire on modern characters, and make Charon talk like a waterman on the Thames. The same liberties he has, indeed, taken with Moliere, and other authors, who wrote pretty well for those days: but after all, it is dangerous to meddle with such edge tools.

In a word, we have not room to be more particular on the execution of this work, in which, heaven knows, there is abundance of matter for animadversion, together with some remarks that deserve applause.

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ART. II. *Xenophon's Memoirs of Socrates. With the Defence of Socrates, before his Judges. Translated from the original Greek. By Sarah Fielding. 8vo. Pr. 7s. Millar.*

OF all the writings of the chaste and elegant Xenophon, there is none which, in our opinion, more fully evinces the purity of his heart, the solidity of his understanding, and the sublimity of his genius, than this beautiful narrative of the memorable conversations held by the illustrious Socrates. The style is so simple and ornate, the maxims in philosophy, and for the conduct of life, so judicious, the arguments so artfully, and yet so naturally disposed, the allegories so pertinent, striking, and



and warmly coloured, and the character of Socrates described in so amiable a light, that while we revere the sage, we cannot but admire the panegyrist and historian. It would be unnecessary to enter either upon a critique or review of a performance so universally known and applauded. The *memorabilia* are so much read in the schools, that every person the least tinctured with learning, may be supposed to be acquainted with the subject : not even Plato himself, with all the beauties which the finest imagination could impart, has rendered the example and precepts of Socrates so generally useful, so engaging and attractive, as we here find them painted by the masterly hand of Xenophon, who shone with equal lustre in the camp and the lyceum. We must therefore congratulate the English reader upon so valuable an accession to the literature in his own native language, as we think Mrs. Fielding has happily imitated the easy and unaffected elegance of the Greek original, though, in some places, she may be suspected of having copied from a translation. Let the snarling critic find pleasure in pointing out the blemishes of this version ; for our own parts, we are satisfied with discovering numberless beauties greatly superior to what we could expect from the narrow superficial education of the fair sex. A mere grammarian may be offended with a few liberties taken by the translator ; but every reader of sentiment must be delighted, to observe how happily she has fallen into the taste and manner of her admirable original. The conversation between Socrates and Aristodemus, concerning the deity, falls nothing short of the Greek ; the allegory from Prodicus is no less beautiful ; but what we chiefly admire in this translation, is the simplicity preserved through the whole dialogue between Socrates and his son Lamprocles, upon the gratitude due from children to their parents. As we regard this as one of the finest pieces of antiquity, we shall beg leave to quote it, in justice to the talents of the author and translator.

“ Tell me, my son, (said Socrates) did you ever hear of any who were called *ungrateful* !”

“ Many, replied Lamprocles.”

“ Did you consider what gained them this appellation ?”

“ They were called ungrateful, because having received favours, they refused to make any return.”

“ Ingratitude then should seem one species of *injustice* ?”

“ Most certainly.”

“ Have you ever examined thoroughly what *this* sort of injustice is ? Or, do you think, Lamprocles, because we are only said to be unjust when we treat our friends ill, not so when we injure our enemies ; therefore, we are indeed unjust when we are ungrateful to our *friends*, but not so, when only ungrateful to our *enemies* ?”

“ I have

"I have considered it thoroughly, replied Lamprocles; and am convinced, that to be *ungrateful*, is to be *unjust*; whether the object of our ingratitude be friend or foe."

"If then (continued Socrates, ingratitude is injustice, it will follow, that the greater the benefit—of which we are unmindful—the more we are *unjust*?"

"Most assuredly."

"But where shall we find the person who hath received from any one, benefits, so *great* or so *many*, as children from their parents? To them it is they owe their very existence; and, in consequence of *this*, the capacity of beholding all the beauties of nature; together with the privilege of partaking of those various blessings, which the gods have so bountifully dispensed to all mankind. Now these are advantages universally held so inestimable, that, to be deprived of them, excite our very strongest abhorrence: an abhorrence well understood, when the wisdom of the legislature made death to be the punishment of the most atrocious crimes; rightly judging, that the terror wherewith every one beheld it, would serve the most powerfully to deter from the commission of such offences, as they saw must bring upon them this greatest of all evils. Neither should'st thou suppose it sensuality alone, which induceth mankind to enter into marriage;—since, not a *street* but would furnish with other means for its gratification: but our desire is to find out one wherewith to unite ourselves, from whom we may reasonably expect a numerous, and a healthful progeny. The husband then turneth his thoughts in what manner he may best maintain the wife whom he hath thus chosen; and make ample provision for his children yet unborn; while she, on her part, with the utmost danger to herself, bears about with her, for a long time, a most painful burthen. To *this* she imparts life and nourishment; and brings it into the world, with inexpressible anguish: nor doth her task end here; she is still to supply the food that must afterward support it. She watches over it with tender affection; attends it, continually, with unwearied care, although she hath received no benefit from it; neither doth it yet know to whom it is thus indebted. She seeks, as it were, to divine its wants: night or day; her solicitude and labour knew no intermission; unmindful of what hereafter may be the fruit of all her pain. Afterward;—when the children are arrived at an age capable to receive instruction;—how doth each parent endeavour to instil into their minds, the knowledge which may best conduce to their future well-doing: and if they hear of any, better qualified than themselves for this important task—to these they send them without regard to the expence; so much do they desire the happiness of their children!"

"Certain



"Certain it is, (replied Lamprocles) although my mother had done *this*, and a thousand times more ; no man could bear with so much ill-humour."

"Do not you think it easier to bear the anger of a mother, than that of a wild beast?"

"No ; not of such a mother."

"But what harm hath she done you ? Hath she kicked you, or bit you, as wild beasts do when they are angry ?"

"No,—but she utters such things as no one can bear from any body."

"And you, Lamprocles,—what have you not made this mother bear, with your continual cries, and untoward restlessness ! what fatigue in the day ? what disturbance in the night ? and what pangs when sickness at any time seized you !"

"But however I never did, or said any thing to make her ashamed of me."

"It is well.—But why, Lamprocles, should you be more offended with your mother, than people on the stage are with one another ? There is nothing so injurious or reproachful that these do not often say, yet no one becomes outrageous against the man whom he hears threaten and revile him, because he well knows, he intends him no real injury : but you—altho' you as well know that no hurt is designed you, but, on the contrary, every kindness ; you fly out into rage against your mother!—or, perhaps, you suppose, she intended you some harm ?"

"Not at all, (replied Lamprocles) I never once suspected any such matter."

"What ! a mother who thus loves you !—who, when you are sick, spareth no means, no pains for your recovery :—Whose care is to supply your every want ; and whose vows to the gods are so frequent on your behalf !—Is she harsh, and cruel ?—Surely, the man who cannot bear with such a mother, cannot bear with that which is most for his advantage. But, tell me, (continued Socrates) doth it seem to you at all necessary to shew respect or submission to any one whatsoever ?—Or, are you indeed conscious of such a degree of self-sufficiency, as makes it needless to pay any regard, whether to magistrate or general?"

"So far from it, said Lamprocles, I endeavour all I can, to recommend myself to my superiors."

"Perhaps too, you would cultivate the good-will of your neighbour, that he may supply you with fire from his hearth, when you want it ; or yield you ready assistance, when any accident befalls you ?"

"I would, most surely."

"And if you were to go a journey, or a voyage with any one ;—it would not be indifferent to you, whether they loved, or hated you ?"

"No,

“No, certainly!”

“Wretch!—to think it right to endeavour to gain the goodwill of these people; and suppose you are to do no nothing for a mother, whose love for you so far exceeds *that* of any other! Surely you have forgot, that while every other kind of ingratitude is passed over unnoticed by the magistrate,—those who refuse to return good offices, in any other case, being only punished with the *contempt* of their fellow citizens,—the man, who is wanting in respect to his parents, *for* this man, public punishments are appointed: the laws yield him no longer their protection; neither is he permitted any share in the administration, since they think no sacrifice, offered by a hand so impious, can be acceptable to the gods, or beneficial to man: and conclude the mind, so altogether degenerate, equally incapable of undertaking any thing *great*, or executing any thing *justly*. For such too as neglect to perform the rites of sepulture for their parents;—for *these*, the same punishments have been allotted by the laws: and particular regard is had to these points, when enquiry is made into the lives and behaviour of those who offer themselves candidates for any public employment.—You, therefore, O my son! will not delay, if wise, to intreat pardon of the gods; lest they, from whom your ingratitude cannot be hid, should turn away their favour from you;—and be you likewise careful to conceal it from the eyes of men; that you find not yourself forsaken by all who know you: for no one will expect a return to his kindness, however considerable, from *him* who can shew himself unmindful of what he oweth to his parents.”

The ingenious Mr. Harris of Salisbury, so distinguished as a philologist and philosopher by several learned publications, hath enriched this translation with a variety of explanatory notes. We could wish he had likewise taken the trouble of revising the sheets as they came from the press, as we do not find all the mistakes corrected in the table of errata prefixed.

ART. III. *Poems on several Occasions.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Rivington.

**T**HERE never was perhaps an age wherein the fair sex made so conspicuous a figure with regard to literary accomplishments as in our own. We may all remember the time, when a woman who could *spell* was looked on as an extraordinary phenomenon, and a *reading* and *writing* wife was considered as a *miracle*; but the case at present is quite otherwise. Learning is now grown so fashionable amongst the ladies, that it becomes every gentlemen to carry his Latin and Greek with him whenever he ventures into female company. Many of our young



young officers complain of the *pedantry* of their mistresses, and of being talked to by them in languages which they don't understand; whilst our scholars from the university, when they come to their father's houses, are foiled at their own weapons, and vexed to the heart to find their sisters as wise as themselves: but all this is the natural consequence of the present system of education, as practised by the two sexes. The men *retreat*, and the women *advance*. The men prate and dress; the women read and write: it is no wonder, therefore, that they should get the upper hand of us; nor should we be at all surprised, if, in the next age, women should give lectures in the classics, and men employ themselves in knotting and needle-work.

We were naturally led into this train of thought (which we hope our readers will not construe into mis-timed *raillery*) by considering the extraordinary merit of the little volume now before us, which contains some of the prettiest poems that have been published for a long time. Mrs. Carter's character, as a scholar, is already sufficiently established; her learning can only be excelled by the fertility of her genius, the warmth of her imagination, and the harmony of her numbers. She has, indeed, deserved the praises bestowed on her by an excellent judge of literary merit, the ingenious lord Lyttleton, in a copy of verses prefixed to these poems, which concludes thus:

———— Greece shall no more  
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton muse,  
Like a false syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd  
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head  
Of Britain's poetess the virtues twine  
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove  
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand  
Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

It has been often remarked, with what degree of truth we will not pretend to determine, that the female muse is seldom altogether so chaste as could be wished, and that most of our lady-writers are rather deficient in point of morality. To the honour of Mrs. Carter it may be said, that there is scarce a line in this volume which doth not breathe the purest sentiments, and tend in some measure to the advancement of religion and virtue, which is, in our opinion, their strongest recommendation; for as she has herself observed in her second poem:

'Unless these charms their soft'ning aid bestow,  
Science turns pride, and wit a common foe.'

In Mrs. Carter's verses on the death of Mrs. Rowe, we know not which most to admire, the poet or the friend; it ends very prettily with the following lines:

'O while

• O while distinguish'd in the realms above,  
 The blest abode of harmony and love,  
 Thy happy spirit joins the heav'nly throng,  
 Glows with their transports, and partakes the song,  
 Fixt on my soul shall thy example grow,  
 And be my genius and my guide below ;  
 To this I'll point my first, my noblest views,  
 Thy spotless verse shall regulate my muse.  
 And O forgive, tho' faint the transcript be,  
 That copies an original like thee :  
 My justest pride, my best attempt for fame,  
 That joins my own to Philomela's name.'

Her verses on the death of a child are extremely beautiful.  
 After lamenting his loss, she proceeds thus :

• Yet let not grief pronounce that doom unjust,  
 Which lays a parent's fairest hopes in dust ;  
 The lovely object of these selfish tears,  
 Felt ev'ry joy of life without it's cares ;  
 To him the world display'd it's first best sight,  
 And touch'd his infant senses with delight.  
 What more, alas ! had added years to give ?  
 To live for virtue is alone to live :  
 And what that virtue, but with painful art,  
 To check the strong emotions of the heart :  
 The hydra forms of folly to subdue,  
 And strive with passions, which *he* never knew.  
 Heav'n, which the doubtful conflict kindly spar'd,  
 Without the toil, bestow'd the bright reward :  
 Death gently call'd him from his guiltless play,  
 And clos'd his eyes to wake in endless day.  
 Let grief submit to pow'r all good and wise,  
 And yield the spotless victim to the skies.'

The ode to a gentleman, on his design of cutting down a  
 shady walk, is, we think, one of the most correct and elegant  
 pieces in the whole collection. As it is but short, we will lay it  
 before our readers.

• In plaintive notes, that tun'd to woe  
 The sadly sighing breeze,  
 A weeping hamadryad mourn'd,  
 Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah ! stop thy sacrilegious hand,  
 Nor violate the shade,  
 Where nature form'd a silent haunt,  
 For contemplation's aid,



Canst thou, the son of Science, train'd  
Where learned Isis flows,  
Forget, that nurs'd in shelt'ring groves  
The Grecian genius rose.

Beneath the Plantane's spreading branch,  
Immortal Plato taught:  
And fair Lyceum form'd the depth  
Of Aristotle's thought.

To Latian groves reflect thy view,  
And bless the Tuscan gloom:  
Where Eloquence deplor'd the fate  
Of liberty and Rome.

Within the Beechen shade retir'd,  
From each inspiring bough,  
The muses wove unfading wreaths,  
To circle Virgil's brow.

Reflect, before the fatal ax  
My threatned doom has wrought:  
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste,  
The nobler growth of thought:

Not all the glowing fruits, that blush  
On India's sunny coast,  
Can recompense thee for the worth  
Of one idea lost.

My shade a produce may supply,  
Unknown to solar fire:  
And what excludes Apollo's rays,  
Shall harmonize his lyre.

We could wish our high-flying writers of odes would copy the elegant simplicity of this little performance; and instead of soaring to the clouds on the wings of Pindar, condescend to be intelligible. The advice to a young lady from her guardian angel, is happily imagined, and finely expressed. Mrs. Carter's verses, address'd to her *father*, shew as much the goodness of her heart as the fineness of her understanding. In those to a friend on *happiness*, there is an air of unfeigned piety, which must make them agreeable to every thinking reader. Every young woman between the age of sixteen and twenty-five, would do well to get by heart these lines:

\* Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
And vain what we possess,  
Unless harmonious reason tunes  
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires  
Is happiness confin'd,  
And deaf to folly's call, attends  
The music of the mind.'

It would be great injustice to Mrs. Carter, not to take notice of her two odes to *melancholy*, and to *wisdom*, which, with all due deference to Mason and Grey, are, in our opinion, equal to any performances of this nature that ever fell under our inspection. The ode to *melancholy* begins thus:

' Come Melancholy ! silent pow'r,  
Companion of my lonely hour,  
To sober thought confin'd :  
Thou sweetly-sad ideal guest,  
In all thy soothing charms confest,  
Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'  
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow,  
In folly's noisy stream :  
I from the busy croud retire,  
To court the objects that inspire  
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews  
With solitary steps I muse,  
By thy direction led :  
Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,  
Consociate with my sister-worms,  
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors ! awful gloom !  
Ye silent regions of the tomb,  
My future peaceful bed :  
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,  
And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd  
In death's refreshing shade.'

We will go no further in this ode, because the book is to be bought, and those who have seen the first stanzas, and will not purchase the rest, must have either no taste or no money. The ode to *wisdom* is, perhaps, still more excellent.

' When fortune drops her gay parade,  
When pleasure's transient roses fade,  
And wither in the tomb :  
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,  
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise  
In undecaying bloom.

By



By thee protected, I defy  
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie  
Of ignorance and spite :  
Alike condemn the leaden fool,  
And all the pointed ridicule  
Of undiscerning wit.'

But not a line more of it will we give you : therefore, gentle readers, send immediately for the poems to John Rivington, in St. Paul's Church-yard—buy, read, and be happy. *Valete & plaudite.*

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ART. IV. *Elements of Criticism. In Three Volumes. 8vo. Pr.*  
15 s. Millar.

THE present age hath not furnished a more striking instance of the union of a refined philosophical genius, with an exquisite taste for the arts, than in the production now under consideration, which we perused with such uncommon satisfaction, that it would be unjust to our readers to detain them a moment with our own reflections, from the superior pleasure which must arise even from an imperfect analysis of the *Elements of Criticism*. The subject is copious ; it is sometimes obscure ; and the author has admitted nothing superfluous ; we must therefore strain every sinew of attention, to compress within a reasonable compass the substance of what the ingenious lord Kaymis has thought proper to extend to three middling sized volumes. Should we be so fortunate as to render his principles intelligible in the proposed abstract, the profit arising, both to the reader and ourselves, will sufficiently recompense the trouble.

His lordship's professed aim is to form a standard of taste, by unfolding the principles that ought to govern the taste of every individual ; in effecting which he immediately enters upon some truly ingenious metaphysical observations. In the introduction he remarks the extraordinary difference there is in the manner of perception of the eye and ear, and that of the other senses. In touching, tasting, and smelling, we are conscious of the impression left by the object ; and therefore we erroneously refer the feeling, consequent on the impression, to the organ affected : for which reason the pleasures arising from these impressions, are merely organical and sensual. It is otherwise with the eye and ear ; having no consciousness of the impressions made by their objects, we place the feelings arising from them in the mind, where they really exist ; and thus raise them nearer to a level with pleasures purely intellectual. They resemble the former, being like them produced by external objects ; but they also resemble the latter, as they arise without

any sensible organic impression. Hence it is, that the pleasures of the eye and ear are so well adapted, not only to revive the spirits when depressed by sensual gratification, but also to relax them when overstrained in any violent intellectual pursuit. Hence likewise it is, that their relish becomes more poignant, as our taste for organic pleasure declines; and that they have a natural aptitude to attract us from the immoderate gratification of sensual appetite. They approach the purely mental without exhausting the spirits, and exceed the purely sensual without danger of satiety. 'We stand, therefore, engaged in honour as well as interest (says the author) to second the purposes of nature, by cultivating the pleasures of the eye and ear; those especially that require extraordinary culture.' Nature seldom gives a perfect taste for the arts which communicate this pleasure; it is susceptible of much improvement; and in this respect, a taste in the fine arts goes hand in hand with the moral sense, to which indeed it is nearly allied. Each of them discovers what is right, and what is wrong. Fashion, temper, and education, have an influence upon both. Neither of them are arbitrary or local; they are rooted in human nature, and are governed by principles common to all men, says the author, though we imagine these opinions are liable to exception.

His lordship demonstrates, that a taste for the fine arts, if duly improved, grows with years, and becomes a favourite entertainment in the decline of life. A philosophic inquiry into the principles of the fine arts, inures the reflecting mind to the most bewitching kind of logic; and hence we may conceive the importance of this sort of criticism, which may be regarded as an intermediate link well adapted, to connect the different parts of an ill-directed disjointed education, into a regular chain. Like mathematical studies it teaches us to reason accurately, while it has this advantage over all abstracted disquisitions, that it improves social intercourse, and is a fine preparative for acting with dignity and propriety on the stage of life. Critical inquiries into the principles of the arts, improve the heart while they enlarge the understanding, and have a beautiful effect in moderating the selfish affections. Our author regards a fine taste as an excellent antidote against pride, and other disgusting selfish passions, as it tends greatly to sweeten and harmonize the temper. He likewise thinks that justness and delicacy of taste contribute to invigorate the social affections, by heightening our sensibility of pain and pleasure, and of course our sympathy, which is the source of every social passion. But the greatest advantage deducible from the criticism here mentioned is, that it greatly supports morality.

'I insist on it with entire satisfaction, (says the excellent author) that no occupation attaches a man more to his duty than that



that of cultivating a taste in the fine arts. A just relish of what is beautiful, proper, elegant, and ornamental, in writing or painting, in architecture or gardening, is a fine preparation for discerning what is beautiful, just, elegant, or magnanimous, in character and behaviour. To the man who has acquired a taste so acute and accomplished, every action, wrong or improper, must be highly disgustful. If, in any instance, the overbearing power of passion sway him from his duty, he returns to it upon the first reflection, with redoubled resolution never to be swayed a second time. He has now an additional motive to virtue, a conviction derived from experience, that happiness depends on regularity and order, and that a disregard to justice or propriety never fails to be punished with shame and remorse.

All the rules of this art he derives from the human heart, by an ingenious investigation of the sensitive part of our nature, and accurate remarks on our feelings, which however run occasionally into useless subtlety and minute distinctions, that answer scarce any other purpose than shewing the refinement of the author. This will appear from a concise abstract of the ensuing theory.

Observing that a continual train of objects is passing in the human mind, depending neither upon the will nor upon choice, our author enquires by what law this train is governed, and solves the phenomenon by remarking, that the chain of external objects, linked together by certain relations, has a great influence on our thoughts. We cannot any where extend our view without perceiving things connected by those relations. 'One thing perceived to be a cause, is connected with its several effects; some things are connected by contiguity in time, others by contiguity in place; some are connected by resemblance, some by contrast; some go before, some follow. Not a single thing appears solitary, and altogether devoid of connection. The only difference is, that some are intimately connected, some more slightly; some near, some at a distance.'

Reason and experience shew, that the train of mental perceptions is, in a great measure, regulated by the foregoing relations, where a number of objects are connected; the idea of one suggests the rest. Such is the law of succession, but whether an original law, or whether directed by some latent principle, our author does not determine. He observes that the will has not the absolute command of ideas, yet it hath a considerable influence in directing the order of connected ideas. We can insist upon one idea, and reject another; but we cannot entirely break the chain of relation, though we may chuse the slightest connections. The order may be varied at will, but still within the limits of connected objects. So far our power extends,

tends, and that power is sufficient for all useful purposes ; more might be prejudicial.

It is a fine and just remark, that the order of ideas greatly depends on the present tone of mind. In high spirits a cheerful subject will be introduced by the slightest connection, and the same sympathy appears in a melancholy disposition. There are besides, some minds of so singular a frame, that thoughts and circumstances crowd upon each other by the slightest connection ; and this our author ascribes to a defect in the faculty of discerning between strong and slight relations. Persons of this temper of mind have generally a great command of ideas, the contrary of which is observable in men of accurate judgment, because they pursue the concatenation of stronger relations. Hence it is that accurate judgment is not friendly to declamation, to copious eloquence, or to a comprehensive memory. Wit and memory, for the same reasons, are often conjoined, but solid judgment seldom united with either. The observation is trite, but our author's solution intirely his own, and extremely ingenious.

Another circumstance that influences the train of thought, is the sense of order and arrangement implanted on the human mind, which our author distinguishes from the relation objects bear to each other. This is applicable only to things of unequal rank, the mind having a natural tendency to descend from the principal subjects to its accessaries and ornaments. Our sense of order is more conspicuous with respect to natural operations ; for it always coincides with the order of nature. The mind pursues a body in motion through its natural course ; it descends with a river or with rain, and ascends with flame and smoke. The same observation holds with respect to the chain of historical narration ; but it is otherwise in matters of science. Here we proceed from effects to causes, from particulars to generals, and his lordship inquires into the cause of this difference in matters apparently similar. We must confess the solution is not altogether satisfactory to our apprehension. The reader may judge for himself.

‘ In a historical chain (says lord Kaymis) every event is particular, the effect of some former event, and the cause of others that follow. In such a chain, there is nothing to bias the mind from the order of nature. Widely different is the case of science, when we endeavour to trace out causes and their effects. Many experiments are commonly reduced under one cause ; and again, many of these under some one still more general and comprehensive. In our progress from particular effects to general causes, and from particular propositions to the more comprehensive, we feel a gradual dilatation or expansion  
of



of mind, like what is felt in proceeding along an ascending series, which is extremely delightful. The pleasure here exceeds what arises from following the course of nature; and it is this pleasure which regulates our train of thought in the case now mentioned, and in others that are similar. These observations, by the way, furnish materials for instituting a comparison betwixt the synthetic and analytic methods of reasoning. The synthetic method descending regularly from principles to their consequences, is more agreeable to the strictness of order. But in following the opposite course of the analytic method, we have a sensible pleasure, like mounting upward, which is not felt in the other. The analytic method is more agreeable to the imagination. The other method will be preferred by those only who with rigidity adhere to order, and give no indulgence to natural emotions."

In the next place his lordship applies these reflections to the art of criticism, as a specimen of their utility, and shews the defects in several of the finest classic writers, arising merely from want of due attention to order, and a gradual transition to subjects of a different nature. After all, our author must confess, on a due attention to his own feelings, that a sudden transition produces a wonderful effect upon the passions, which would be entirely lost, had the poet prepared the reader for the new subject. He need only consult the beautiful elegies of the late Mr. Hammond, to be convinced of this truth. Shakespear, and even Seneca the tragedian, afford manifold instances to this purpose; and perhaps some of the passages referred to by his lordship can only be considered as blemishes in a strictly philosophical view.

Having begun in the first chapter to evolve the principles of the fine arts, by considering the sensitive part of human nature, he proceeds in the second with the same enquiry, and accurately defines the terms *emotion* and *passion*; the first being only a simple feeling, and the second a feeling accompanied with desire. An *emotion*, he defines in general to be a feeling antecedent to, and the cause of *passion*, which he manifests by a variety of instances, that shew how deeply he has examined our sensations. He makes action dependent on an emotion, accompanied with desire, or, what is the same thing, on *passion*; and this action must be either ultimate, guided neither by reason nor reflection; or it must be performed as the means to some end, and consequently deliberately. In this latter case only it is that action can be said to have a *motive*; whence the passions, as the causes of action, come to be distinguished into *instinctive* and *deliberative*; the former of these admitting of a subdivision into external and internal, denominated *appetites* or *passions*, according to their operation.

From the preceding definitions, his lordship proceeds to determine what passions are selfish, what social, it being the motive which renders a passion either the one or the other. He illustrates the subject by a variety of instances, makes some passions partake both of a selfish and social view, and concludes, in opposition to those philosophers who deny all motives to action but what arise from self-love, that man is endued with some passions directed entirely to the good of others, with some passions that center wholly in his own good, and with other passions of a mixed nature, that have both self and society for their object.

What his lordship reasons, in the 2d section of the second chapter, upon the causes of the emotions of joy and sorrow, is not very clear or determinate. According to him, these emotions in general have their origin in the sensibility of our nature, which in fact is leaving the question as it was before: but the section on the sympathetic emotions excited by virtuous actions, makes ample amends. The feeling consequent on seeing a virtuous action performed by another, he is at a loss whether to term emotion or passion, because though it involves desire, it has no object. 'Let any man attentively consider his own heart when he thinks warmly of any signal act of gratitude, and he will be conscious of this feeling, as distinct from the esteem or admiration he has for the grateful person. It merits our utmost attention, by unfolding a curious piece of mechanism in the nature of man. The feeling is singular in the following respect, that it involves a desire to perform acts of gratitude, without having any particular object; though in this state the mind, wonderfully disposed toward an object, neglects no object upon which it can vent itself. Any act of kindness or good-will that would not be regarded upon another occasion, is greedily seized; and the vague feeling is converted into a real passion of gratitude. In such a state, favours are returned double.

'Again, a courageous action produceth in a spectator the passion of admiration directed upon the author. But beside this well-known passion, a separate feeling is raised in the spectator; which may be called *an emotion of courage*, because while under its influence he is conscious of a boldness and intrepidity beyond ordinary, and longs for proper objects upon which to exert this emotion.'

This feeling he terms the *sympathetic emotion of virtue*, and calls it an admirable contrivance of nature, by which good example directs the heart, and adds to virtue the force of habit. Such feelings as these never fail to produce some effect; they are in a slight degree an exercise of virtue, at least mentally, if they shew not externally. The frequent reiteration compen-

sates



fates for the deficiency of strength, and by due culture this feeling often produced, may establish a settled habit of virtue. — With respect to education, what a commodious avenue is here opened to the tender minds of young people !

The subsequent section explains the manner in which the relations between external objects, generate emotions and passions, and how these feelings, whether transient or accompanied with desire, are productive of other emotions and passions. The author's opinion is, that an agreeable object makes every thing connected with it appear agreeable ; and for this reason, that the mind gliding easily through related objects, carries along the idea of objects that impressed it agreeably, which it blends with the idea of the present object, rendering it more agreeable than when considered separately and singly. Thus the lover extends the affection he bears his mistress to every object around her ; the most insignificant motion, the most trifling part of her dress, to him is endearing and charming. From this principle a variety of difficulties are solved ; and particularly why we value ourselves upon any meritorious action performed by a friend or relation. In a word, the author runs through a number of instances of passions communicated from one object to another, and assigns the reasons in such a way as must appear satisfactory to every man capable of reflecting duly upon his own sensations.

In the 5th section the ingenious philosopher assigns the causes, and explains the nature of the passions of *fear* and *anger*, as far as they are *instinctive*, and unaccompanied with desire that excites to action ; in which case they fall in with the general system laid down in the preceding pages.

The subject of the next section hath in vain employed the pens of some of the most ingenious modern critics and philosophers. Here the author endeavours to explain in what manner fiction operates on the mind like the real presence of objects, and how the description in writing, or representation on the stage of any interesting event, shall affect the reader or spectator as if he had been actually present at the transaction. His theory will appear from the following extract :

‘ By the power of memory, a thing formerly seen may be recalled to the mind with different degrees of accuracy. We commonly are satisfied with a slight recollection of the chief circumstances ; and, in such recollection, the thing is not figured as present nor any image formed. I retain the consciousness of my present situation, and barely remember that formerly I was a spectator. But with respect to an interesting object or event which made a strong impression, the mind sometimes, not satisfied with a cursory review, chuses to revolve every circumstance. In this case, I conceive myself to be

a spectator as I was originally ; and I perceive every particular passing in my presence, in the same manner as when I was in reality a spectator. For example, I saw yesterday a beautiful woman in tears for the loss of an only child, and was greatly moved with her distress. Not satisfied with a slight recollection or bare remembrance, I insist on the melancholly scene. Conceiving myself to be in the place where I was an eye-witness, every circumstance appears to me as at first. I think I see the woman in tears and hear her moans. Hence it may be justly said, that in a complete idea of memory there is no past nor future. A thing recalled to the mind with the accuracy I have been describing, is perceived as in our view, and consequently as presently existing.'

Past time makes a part of an incomplete idea. When we recall any thing in so distinct a manner that the idea of it is present to us, we imagine ourselves actual spectators ; but the delusion vanisheth upon the first reflection on our present situation. Two internal acts, both of them exertions of memory, are clearly distinguishable. When I think of an event as past, without forming any image, it is barely reflecting or remembering that I was an eye-witness. When I recall the event so distinctly as to form a complete image of it, either by words, painting, or representations on the stage, I perceive it ideally, as passing in my presence ; and this ideal perception is an act of intuition, into which reflection enters not more than into an act of vision. But real presence, vouched by eye-sight, commands my belief, not only during the direct perception, but in future reflection upon the object. However, the idea of memory and of speech produces fainter emotions than the original or real perception. Our sympathy notwithstanding is in the same manner engaged, and it signifies not whether the relation be true or false, provided images are called up to engage our passions, and banish reflection on our present situation. ' When ideal presence is complete, (says the author) we perceive every object as in our sight ; and the mind, totally occupied with an interesting event, finds no leisure for reflection of any sort. This reasoning, if any one hesitate, is confirmed by constant and universal experience. Let us take under consideration the meeting of Hector and Andromache in the sixth book of the Iliad, or some of the passionate scenes in king Lear. These pictures of human life, when we are sufficiently engaged, give an impression of reality not less distinct than that given by the death of Otho in the beautiful description of Tacitus. We never once reflect whether the story be true or feigned. Reflection comes afterward, when we have the scene no longer before our eyes. This reasoning will appear in a still clearer light, by opposing ideal presence to ideas raised by a cursory narrative ;



narrative; which ideas being faint, obscure, and imperfect, occupy the mind so little as to solicit reflection.'

Upon this *ideal presence* of objects is founded that extensive influence which language hath over the heart; an influence which, more than any other means, strengthens the bond of society, and attracts individuals from their private system to exert themselves in acts of generosity and benevolence. Without it the finest speaker or writer would in vain attempt to move our passions: our sympathy would be confined to objects that are really present, and language would lose entirely that astonishing power it possesseth of making us sympathize with beings removed at the greatest distance of time and place.

Such is our author's ingenious theory, which it is almost impossible to render intelligible in an abstract, or indeed by fewer words than he has used. From this he deduces many useful rules in criticism, of which the subsequent may serve as a specimen: 'In a historical poem representing human actions, it is a rule, that no improbable incident ought to be admitted. A circumstance, an incident, or an event, may be singular, may surprise by being unexpected, and yet be extremely natural. The improbability I talk of, is that of an irregular fact, contrary to the order and course of nature, and therefore unaccountable. A chain of imagined facts linked together according to the order of nature, find easy entrance into the mind; and if described with warmth of fancy, they produce complete images, including ideal presence. But it is with great difficulty that we admit any irregular fact; for an irregular fact always puzzles the judgment. Doubtful of its reality we immediately enter upon reflection, and discovering the cheat, lose all relish and concern. This is an unhappy effect; for thereafter it requires more than an ordinary effort, to restore the waking dream, and to make the reader conceive even the more probable incidents as passing in his presence.

'I never was an admirer of machinery in an epic poem; and I now find my taste justified by reason; the foregoing argument concluding still more strongly against imaginary beings, than against improbable facts. Fictions of this nature may amuse by their novelty and singularity: but they never move the sympathetic passions, because they cannot impose on the mind any perception of reality. I appeal to the discerning reader, whether this be not precisely the case of the machinery introduced by Tasso and by Voltaire. This machinery is not only in itself cold and uninteresting, but is remarkably hurtful, by giving an air of fiction to the whole composition. A burlesque poem, such as the *Lutrin* or the *Dispensary*, may employ machinery with success; for these poems, though they assume the air of history, give entertainment chiefly by their pleasant

pleasant and ludicrous pictures, to which machinery contributes in a singular manner. It is not the aim of such a poem, to raise our sympathy in any considerable degree; and for that reason, a strict imitation of nature is not required. A poem professedly ludicrous, may employ machinery to great advantage; and the more extravagant the better. A just representation of nature would indeed be incongruous in a composition intended to give entertainment by the means chiefly of singularity and surprize.'

The second part begins with distinguishing pleasant and painful emotions and passions, from agreeable and disagreeable. Agreeable and disagreeable are qualities of the objects of perception; pleasant and painful are qualities of the feelings arising from this perception. When a passion is termed pleasant or painful, we refer to the actual feeling; when termed agreeable or disagreeable, it is considered as an object of thought or reflection. Hence arise rules for determining what feelings are pleasant or painful, and what are agreeable or disagreeable, some of which are exhibited by our author, and illustrated by a variety of examples.

In the third part, our author considers it as a peculiar providence, that the existence of emotions and passions does not continue uninterrupted until their present state is altered by some operating cause. On the contrary, they resemble motion, which ceases when the cause is withdrawn. An emotion may subsist indeed by means of an idea, but it is in a more languid degree. The moment another thought enters the mind, the emotion vanishes. This observation he applies to emotions and passions of every kind; and these accordingly are so intimately connected with perceptions and ideas, as not to have any independent existence. The investigation of this point is extremely curious; but the reader must be left to consult the chapter for farther satisfaction, it being impossible to give an analysis, or to quote the whole.

In part fourth, the author considers those passions and emotions which exist at the same instant of time, and from thence deduces a number of remarks extremely useful to the art of criticism, and the great design of unfolding the principles by which we ought to judge of the elegant arts. In general, this part especially evinces the delicate feelings, the refined observation, and the perfect acquaintance of the author with the principal objects of taste.

In the fifth part Lord Kaymis demonstrates the influence of the passions in forming our belief and opinions to gratify our inclinations, the utility of which observation to criticism he explains by pertinent examples. The remark he likewise extends to the method of computing time and place, which we often  
adjust



adjust to our will, in direct contradiction to reality. When we are denied access to the moon or sun, or artificial means, we measure time by the number of perceptions that have passed through the mind in a certain interval, and thus we reckon it long or short, agreeable to the nature of those perceptions. What our author observes upon the measure of space without relation to time, we must confess is by much too subtle for our apprehension, and as it may likewise prove so to many of our readers, we shall leave the curious to consult the original, from the 212th to the 217th page of the first volume.

It is finely observed in the sixth part, that emotions bear a great resemblance to the causes which excite them. A constrained posture uneasy to the person himself, is disagreeable to the spectator; and this observation is equally applicable to emotions raised by inanimate objects, and to those which are excited by the qualities, actions, and passions of sensible beings. Part the seventh is employed in demonstrating how the passions and emotions are wisely adjusted and tempered by nature for the good of individuals and of society; with which he concludes the general theory of the passions; a theory more correct, satisfactory, beautifully planned, and ably executed than any we ever before perused, though sometimes obscured by refinement and subtlety. He professes that it is not his intention to write a regular treatise upon the passions; yet he gives explications that may be applied to them all, in determining their nature, causes, gratification, and effects.

In chapter third our author proceeds to examine such attributes, relations, and circumstances as are chiefly employed in the fine arts to raise agreeable emotions; beginning with single objects, and first with beauty, as the most distinguished of all the qualities belonging to single objects. This term is confined entirely to objects of vision, and is divided into *intrinsic* and *relative*, such as is found in objects without relation to any other object, and such as is founded on some relation to other objects. The former is ultimate, and a perception of sense merely; the latter is accompanied with an act of understanding and reflection; for we perceive not the relative beauty of a fine instrument or engine, until we be made acquainted with its use and destination. Why utility should make the object appear beautiful is explained on a principle of human nature mentioned before. The beauty of the effect is by an easy transition of ideas transferred to the cause, and is perceived as one of its qualities. Here the beauty of figure as arising from regularity, uniformity, proportion, order, and simplicity, together with the combinations of the principles of beauty are examined; but we are left in the dark with respect to the reasons why an object appears beautiful by means of these particulars. However,

we meet with a great number of pertinent ingenious reflections on the fine arts, which cannot but afford both pleasure and instruction. The reader may chuse to see his sentiments upon this curious question, Whether beauty be a primary or only a secondary quality of objects? 'The question is easily determined with respect to the beauty of colour; for if colour be a secondary quality existing no where but in the mind of the spectator, its beauty must be of the same kind. This conclusion must also hold with respect to the beauty of utility, which is plainly a conception of the mind, arising not merely from sight, but from reflecting that the thing is fitted for some good end or purpose. The question is more intricate with respect to the beauty of regularity. If regularity be a primary quality, why not also its beauty? That this is not a good consequence, will appear from considering, that beauty, in its very conception, refers to a percipient; for an object is said to be beautiful, for no other reason but that it appears so to a spectator. The same piece of matter which to man appears beautiful, may possibly to another being appear ugly. Beauty therefore, which for its existence depends upon the percipient as much as upon the object perceived, cannot be an inherent property of either. What else then can it be, but a perception in the mind occasioned by certain objects? The same reasoning is applicable to the beauty of order, of uniformity, of grandeur. Accordingly, it may be pronounced in general, that beauty in no case whatever is a real quality of matter. And hence it is wittily observed by the poet, that beauty is not in the countenance, but in the lover's eye. This reasoning is undoubtedly solid: and the only cause of doubt or hesitation is, that we are taught a different lesson by sense. By a singular determination of nature, we perceive both beauty and colour as belonging to the object; and, like figure or extension, as inherent properties.'

With respect to the final causes of beauty, they admirably illustrate the wisdom and goodness of providence. A perception of beauty in external objects is necessary to attach us to them, and prompts to industry by raising a desire to possess things that are beautiful. It joins with utility in exciting us to embellish our houses and enrich our fields; but these are slight effects, compared with the connections which are formed among individuals in society, by this singular mechanism.

In the chapter on grandeur and sublimity, the author shews that elevation and magnitude affect us with similar emotions, and they sometimes concur to make a complicated impression; but the emotions they excite are clearly distinguishable, not only in the internal feeling, but in the external expression. A great object dilates the breast, and makes the spectator endeavour to enlarge his bulk. An elevated object inclines the spec-  
tator



tator to stretch upwards, and stand a-tiptoe. The author is of opinion, that magnitude and sublimity are real qualities of objects that produce their effects independent on beauty; and he insists that they are emotions not only distinct from all others, but in every circumstance pleasant. Yet it would be wrong to conclude from hence, that the opposite qualities of littleness and lowness produce painful emotions; in fact, they neither give pleasure nor pain, and are in a manner perfectly indifferent. Our author further observes, that grandeur and sublimity are frequently allied; whence it is that the one term is frequently put for the other. An increasing series of numbers produceth an emotion similar to that of mounting upwards; and for that reason is commonly termed an *ascending series*. The same is observed of a series gradually decreasing, which, for that reason is called a *descending series*. We talk familiarly of going *up* to the capital, and *down* to the country. From a lesser kingdom we talk of going up to a greater; whence the *Anabasis*, in the Greek language, where one travels from Greece to Persia. These observations lead to the figurative sense of the terms grandeur and sublimity, as applicable to the fine arts; and here it appears, that the figurative is immediately derived from the proper sense. Every emotion that resembles an emotion of grandeur or elevation, is called by the same name. Generosity is said to be an elevated emotion; firmness of soul, superior to misfortune, is termed *magnanimity*. Sentiments, and even expressions, are characterized in the same manner. An expression or sentiment that raises the mind, is denominated *great* or *elevated*; and hence the sublime in poetry. The following observation will be found just as well as useful:

‘In order to have a just conception of grandeur and sublimity, it is necessary to be observed, that within certain limits they produce their strongest effects, which lessen by excess as well as by defect. This is remarkable in grandeur and sublimity taken in their proper sense. The strongest emotion of grandeur is raised by an object that can be taken in at one view. An object so immense as not to be comprehended but in parts, tends rather to distract than satisfy the mind. In like manner, the strongest emotion produced by elevation is where the object is seen distinctly. A greater elevation lessens in appearance the object, till it vanish out of sight with its pleasant emotion. The same is equally remarkable in figurative grandeur and elevation, which shall be handled together, because, as observed above, they are scarce distinguishable. Sentiments may be so strained, as to become obscure, or to exceed the capacity of the human mind. Against such licence of imagination, every good writer will be upon his guard. And therefore it is of greater importance to observe, that even the true sublime may be carried beyond

yond that pitch which produces the highest entertainment. We are undoubtedly susceptible of a greater elevation than can be inspired by human actions the most heroic and magnanimous; witness what we feel from Milton's description of superior beings. Yet every man must be sensible of a more constant and pleasant elevation, when the history of his own species is the subject. He enjoys an elevation equal to that of the greatest hero, of an Alexander or a Cæsar, of a Brutus or an Epaminondas. He accompanies these heroes in their sublimest sentiments and most hazardous exploits, with a magnanimity equal to theirs; and finds it no stretch to preserve the same tone of mind for hours together, without sinking. The case is by no means the same in describing the actions or qualities of superior beings. The reader's imagination cannot keep pace with that of the poet; and the mind, unable to support itself in a strained elevation, falls as from a height; and the fall is immoderate like the elevation. Where this effect is not felt, it must be prevented by some obscurity in the conception, which frequently attends the description of unknown objects.

Next the author has set down as a capital rule for reaching the sublime, to place in view those parts or circumstances only which make the greatest figure, keeping out of sight every thing low or trivial; and he illustrates it by apposite examples, and shews where some of the finest classic writers have deviated from the rule. Another rule which regards the sublime in writing, is to avoid all general and abstract terms. Images, which are the soul of poetry, cannot be raised in any perfection, otherwise than by introducing particular objects: consequently general terms, that comprehend a number of particulars, must destroy the strength of the picture. The emotion raised by a single expression can only be momentary, and therefore, altho' such expression may be really sublime, it cannot produce so extraordinary an effect, as when the rise of the emotion is gradual, and the result of reiterated expression. This our author renders manifest by instances. Another remark equally just is, that the same strictness of regularity and order is not required in great as in small objects. In viewing the face of nature, the mind is so enchanted with shining objects, as to neglect slight beauties or defects. When the emotion of grandeur is raised to its height by a survey of the greatest objects, order and regularity are almost totally disregarded; and yet we question, whether this emotion be not sometimes excited in consequence of this very order and regularity, which tend greatly to magnify the object, by placing every part in the most just and conspicuous point of view. Hence it is, that our author is forced to confess with Longinus, with respect to works of art, that order and regularity ought to be governing principles. We



shall conclude this head with quoting two or three more remarks that deserve particular attention. It is our author's observation, that no means can be more successfully employed to sink or depress the mind, than grandeur or sublimity. By the artful introduction of an humbling object, the fall is great in proportion to the former elevation. He likewise remarks, that the false sublime, and especially that species of it known by the name of bombast, is the vice of a mean genius, being a serious endeavour, by a strained description, to raise a low or familiar subject above its rank. We will venture, however, to affirm, that the bombast sometimes arises from a too heated imagination, and the instances which our author quotes from Dryden, a poet of a truly sublime genius, are so many proofs in favour of our opinion.

In the chapter on motion and force, this author enters into the peculiarities which render motion the most agreeable; and whether the mind receives the most pleasing impressions from quick or slow, strait or winding, ascending or descending motion? As to rest, he determines that circumstance to be perfectly indifferent. The distinction made between force and motion is extremely accurate. The impressions they make are different, and the emotions raised by each resemble their several causes. In viewing a moving body, it feels as if the mind were carried along; but the emotion raised by force exerted, feels as if force were exerted within the mind. Besides the agreeable impression made by motion, considered simply, and in the abstract, motion and force are both agreeable by their utility, when employed as means to accomplish some beneficial purpose; hence there is a relative beauty or pleasure in motion. The author treats of novelty, and the effects produced on the mind by the unexpected appearance of objects, in the sixth chapter. He observes, that novelty produceth instantaneously an emotion which totally occupies the mind, and for a time excludes all other objects. 'The soul (says he) seems to meet the strange appearance with a certain elongation of itself; and all is hushed in close contemplation.' He ought rather, perhaps, to say, that every faculty is suspended upon the first rise of the emotion. Novelty he distinguishes into *wonder*, *admiration*, and *surprise*, all which are different emotions. Novelty, wherever found, is the cause of wonder: *admiration* is directed upon the operator of any thing wonderful. *Surprise* is that emotion produced by the sudden breaking in of an object, without the preparation of any connection. It may be raised by the most familiar object, as when one accidentally meets a friend who was reported to be dead. An Indian in Britain, would be much surprised to meet an elephant feeding at large in the fields; but the creature to which he was accustomed, would not excite his wonder. On the

the other hand, an elephant in India will not surprize a traveller who goes purposely to see him; and yet the novelty of the animal will raise his wonder. His lordship leaves it doubtful, whether the emotions raised by novelty be pleasant or painful; and yet we think it no difficult matter to prove, that the emotion of surprize is certainly painful, while those of wonder and admiration carry with them a certain degree of pleasure. With respect to these two last emotions he seems to be of this opinion, from what he advances upon the principle of curiosity and its operations. As to surprize, he thinks it has no invariable character, but assumes that of the object which raises it.

In treating of risible objects it is his lordship's opinion, that it would be impossible to lay down general rules for distinguishing such objects, because their quality of risible depends on the disposition of the spectator. For the same reason we may say, that no general rules can be given to determine what is ugly or beautiful, grand or little, as these properties appear different to different beholders. He observes, that no object is risible but what appears slight, little, or trifling; but how shall we transfer this remark to the qualities of sensible beings? He distinguishes objects that cause laughter, into two kinds—risible or ridiculous; the first exciting mirth only, the latter some degree both of mirth and contempt.

Having discussed the qualities of single objects peculiarly connected with criticism, he proceeds to treat of the relations of objects, beginning with the relations of resemblance and contrast. Here he observes, that our gratification consists in discovering differences among things apparently similar, and resemblance where difference seems to prevail. Hence he proceeds to remark on the error of logicians, orators, and poets, the former of whom make distinctions where no solid difference exists, and the former draw similies without any just resemblance. He gives instances of the bad effects of this in argument and writing, and at the same time demonstrates its beauty when conducted with judgment and discretion. He refers the effect of contrast, or unusual resemblance upon the mind, to *surprize*, but in its slighter more pleasant operation; and also to that principle in human nature, which stimulates the mind to complete every work that is begun. Surprize first operates, and then this principle, eager for gratification, forces upon the mind a conviction that the resemblance or contrast is complete. This may be a very ingenious solution; but we must confess to us it appears, a little obscure. He concludes his reasoning upon this subject, with two very just remarks upon resemblance and contrast. When the first is too intire, it loses the effect, however different in kind the things compared may be; but the observation holds only with respect to works of art. With respect



pect to contrast, emotions make the greatest figure when contrasted in succession, but neither immoderately flow nor too precipitate. Hence he determines a very important question concerning emotions raised by the fine arts. What ought to be the rule of succession. Whether ought resemblance to be studied or contrast?

We come now to the last chapter in this volume, where he treats of uniformity and variety; first, examining a train of perceptions as directed by nature, and enquiring into the variations it is susceptible of from different causes; and then how far it is subjected to the will. He demonstrates, that the rate of succession of our perceptions, may be retarded by insisting upon one object, and propelled by dismissing another before its time; yet these voluntary mutations have limits beyond which they cannot be extended without painful efforts. The power of the will over the train of perceptions, as to variety and uniformity, is in some cases very great, in others very inconsiderable. A train composed altogether of external objects, depends entirely on the place we occupy, and admits of no variety but by change of place. A train composed of ideas of memory is still less in our power; but a train of ideas, suggested by reading, may be varied at will, provided we have sufficient materials. Next lord Kaymis considers a train of perceptions with respect to pleasure and pain; whence he explains the effects produced in the mind by variety and uniformity. We shall only quote the following critical remark arising from the principles laid down in this chapter.

\* In every sort of writing intended for amusement, variety is necessary in proportion to the length of the work. Want of variety is sensibly felt in Davila's history of the civil wars of France. The events are indeed important and various: but the reader languisheth by a tiresome uniformity of character; every person engaged being figured a consummate politician, governed by interest only. It is hard to say, whether Ovid disgusts more by too great variety or too great uniformity. His stories are all of the same kind, concluding invariably with the transformation of one being into another. So far he is tiresome with excess in uniformity. He also fatigues with excess in variety, by hurrying his reader incessantly from story to story. Ariosto is still more fatiguing than Ovid, by exceeding the just bounds of variety. Not satisfied, like Ovid, with a succession in his stories, he distracts the reader by jumbling together a multitude of unconnected events. Nor is the Orlando Furioso less tiresome by its uniformity than the Metamorphoses, though in a different manner. After a story is brought to a crisis, the reader, intent upon the catastrophe, is suddenly snatched away to a new story, which is little regarded so long as the mind is

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occupied with the former. This tantalizing method, from which the author never once swerves during the course of a long work, beside its uniformity, hath another bad effect; it prevents that sympathy which is raised by an interesting event when the reader meets with no interruption.

We hope the reader will, by this time, be satisfied of the merit of the production before him, even from our imperfect analysis; and that we have not misemployed his time by extending the article to an unusual length. It is seldom we meet with a work deserving of so much trouble; we must therefore beg his excuse, should we make the practical remarks, deduced from the preceding theory, the subject of another article. Without some previous knowledge of the author's principles, his critical observations would be obscure and insipid; and we found it impossible to convey an intelligible idea of the doctrine in a less compass.

[*To be continued in our next Number.*]

ART. V. *Medical Observations and Inquiries.* Pr. 6 s. 8vo.  
Johnston. [*Concluded.*]

THE fourteenth article consists of extracts from several letters sent by Dr. Whytt, professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, to Dr. Pringle in London, relating to the use of the sublimate, in the cure of phagedænic ulcers. From these instances we find, that the efficacy of this medicine is not confined to the Lues Venerea; but extends in a very eminent degree, to ulcers of the most unfavourable appearance. It hath likewise been found that in those patients who take the solution, the mouth is not so apt to be affected while they walk abroad and use some exercise, as when they are confined to the house, for, in this last case, the secretion of the skin and kidneys is not so copious.

What follows is a Latin letter from baron Van Swieten to Dr. Silvester, concerning the effects of the same remedy, with which he removed an opacity of the cornea in two cases: one of a man who had laboured under this disorder several years, who was cured of his blindness and the venereal distemper at the same time; the other of a young gentleman, whose cornea in both eyes became opaque, in consequence of an ill-cured ophthalmia. The baron observed, that as the cornea grew more pellucid from the use of the sublimate, the chrySTALLINE humour in both eyes became more opaque; nevertheless, he persisted in giving the medicine, and in eighteen months the cure was compleated. He was, however, sometimes obliged to  
intermit,



intermit, on account of the ophthalmia, which, as often as it recurred, he removed by bleeding, bathing, and an artificial diarrhœa procured by a decoction of tamarinds, &c. It must likewise be observed that he continually bathed the eyes with the Spiritus Mindereri.

The next article contains an account of the Oleum Ricini, commonly called Castor Oil, and its effects as a medicine, especially in bilious disorders by Dr. Thomas Frazer, of Antigua. This plant is called by Sir Hans Sloane in his history of Jamaica, *Ricinus Americanus fructu racemoso hispido*; it is the *Nhambu Guacu* mentioned in Piso's natural history; the *Ficus Infernalis* of the Spaniards and Portuguese; the *Palma Christi* of Du Tertre, Frezier, and Labat; and indeed the very same with the European *Ricinus* growing in Spain and Candia. The oil expressed from the seeds of this plant is given in obstinate constipations, particularly in the dry belly-ach, with great success as a lubricating medicine which blunts the acrimony of the juices, softens the fæces, and stimulates the intestines to perform their office. It is given to the amount of a table spoonfull every hour until the purpose is answered. It is also administered in the form of an oleosaccharum, as well as by way of glyster; and the operation is equally mild and effectual.

The seventeenth article is the history of a violent scorbutic case in a young lady, cured by Mr. Pugh, who seems to have succeeded in the usual way, by prescribing an antiscorbutic electuary, with a liberal use of the juice of water-creffes, whey, and Seville oranges.

The next article treats of the external use of the Peruvian bark, by Dr. Samuel Pye, who in children thought this method might succeed, when the medicine could not be taken internally. Accordingly we have here twelve cases, in which the cure evidently appears to have been effected by quilting a quantity of the bark in powder, in a linnen waistcoat, and applying it to the patient's body. The contrivance is more ingenious than neat, and we doubt not will meet with the approbation of the druggists in general.

The succeeding observation by Dr. George Macaulay is that of a pregnant woman cured of a lues venerea by the solution of the corrosive sublimate. The patient was of a thin delicate habit: the symptoms were very severe; the solution was used externally as well as internally; and the cure was confirmed by a decoction of the sarsaparilla. At the conclusion of this case, the same gentleman informs us that he had cured another pregnant woman by the same method.

In the next article, by Dr. Bond of Philadelphia, we find two remarkable instances of a confirmed scrophula, cured by the Peruvian bark.

The twenty-first article, communicated by Dr. Brocklesby, describes a malignant fever which prevailed at Senegal in the year 1759; a fever which could not bear evacuation, but yielded to a decoction of the bark, with the camphorated julep and spirit of vitriol.

The next is a very curious account of a fistula in each testis, cured by Mr. Ingham, surgeon. Though both testicles were laid open, and a large portion of the epididymis extirpated, the parts were healed; the function of the testis was restored, and the patient continues to have emissions as strong and copious, as ever they were before the accident which produced the fistula.

The twenty-third, by Mr. Thomas Kirkland, surgeon at Ashby de la Zouch, recommends, after amputation, in scorbutical habits, as soon as the digestion is complete, the application of pieces of fine sponge upon the stump, the wound being first covered with thin layers of dry lint. This application prevents the return of acrid matter into the blood, by imbibing the thinnest part of that matter from the lint, while the remaining part becomes too thick to be absorbed. The efficacy of this expedient is illustrated by a remarkable case, which will not fail to operate on the conviction of the reader.

The two following are cases of a confirmed ascites, cured by tapping, in consequence of nature's discharging by the stomach and intestines, great quantities of a dark-coloured liquor, tasting like a decoction of rotten straw. The first is communicated by Dr. Alexander Mackenzie; the other is the case of one of the members of the medical society.

The twenty-fifth article, by the same Dr. Mackenzie, describes a remarkable separation of part of the thigh-bone; and Dr. Hunter inserts, as a supplement to this article, an account of a diseased tibia, shewing that a *callus* will supply the place of a bone, and preserve the length and firmness of a limb, when the greatest part of the original bone is become useless, or thrown out by exfoliation.

In the following article, Mr. Matthew Turner, surgeon at Liverpool, gives an account of his having destroyed a great number of ascarides by tobacco-fumes, introduced at the anus, by means of the tube contrived for that purpose, and described by Heister in his surgery, Plate XXXIII. Figure 13.

The twenty-seventh article consists of a letter from Dr. Thomas Dickson, physician to the London hospital, giving three cases in which he cured an incontinence of urine by the application of blisters to the os sacrum. The medical world is much indebted to this ingenious gentleman for having introduced a method which bids so fair for being efficacious in one of the most deplorable distempers incident to the human frame. His  
three



three cases are reinforced by a fourth, communicated by Mr. James Wolfey, surgeon and man-midwife in Ratcliff Highway.

In the next article, a physician in the country, describes a singular case of the separation of the ossa pubis; and this is illustrated by a curious anatomical description of the symphysis of these bones, by Dr. William Hunter.

We have afterwards some judicious observations on dislocations of the shoulder bone, by Mr. Thomson, surgeon to the London hospital, including anatomical remarks that occurred in dissecting two bodies, in which that bone had been dislocated.

The next is the extract of a letter from Mr. Lambert, surgeon at Newcastle upon Tyne, to Dr. Hunter, giving an account of a new method of treating an aneurism, which was no other than this: An artery being wounded by a lancet in bleeding, was laid bare. Two ligatures, one above the orifice, and one below, were passed under the artery, that they might be ready to be tied at any time, in case the method proposed should fail. Then, a small steel pin, rather more than a quarter of an inch long, was passed through the two lips of the wound in the artery, and secured by twisting a thread round it, as in the hare-lip. This operation succeeded in every respect, and is undoubtedly preferable to the usual method of tying up the artery, which in a great measure destroys the circulation in the limb. We apprehend the surgeon might have spared the patient the pain of passing the two threads above and below the wound in the artery, as this might have been omitted until the new method had failed.

Passing over the case of a phagedænic ulcer cured by the sublimate and sarsaparilla, and the history of an extra-uterine fœtus, which constitute the two following articles, we come to an useful paper, containing an account of a new method for reducing shoulders, without the use of an ambe, even though they have been several months dislocated, and the common methods of reduction have proved ineffectual; by Mr. White, surgeon to the Manchester infirmary. This gentleman concluded, from the nature of the articulation, from the disposition of the acromion and coracoide processes, and of the strong, broad ligament stretched between them, that the luxation of this joint is scarce possible, when the arm makes an acute angle with the trunk of the body; that this accident must happen, either when the arm makes an obtuse angle therewith, or more probably when it is raised so high, as to be nearly in an erect position. In consequence of this inference, he proceeds in the following manner:

• Having screwed an iron ring into a beam at the top of the room, I fixed one end of my pulleys to it, and fastened the other to the dislocated arm by ligatures about the wrist, placing the arm in an erect position. In this manner I drew up my patient till his whole body was suspended; but that too great a force might not be sustained by his wrist, I directed, at the same time, two other persons to support his arm above the elbow. I now attempted to conduct the bone into its place with my hands, when feeling it to give way, and hearing it snap, I concluded it must have returned into its socket, and ordered him to be taken down as carefully as possible.

• I found the bone had only somewhat changed its situation, the head of it having approached nearer to the axilla. This, however, gave me hopes that I was right in my conjectures, that it had passed through a laceration of the bursal ligament, but that it was now brought back, and might be reduced by any of the common methods of operation; I accordingly tried the heel in the arm-pit, and the bone returned into its place with the greatest facility. My patient in a few weeks recovered the perfect use of his arm, and has not since suffered from it the least inconvenience.

He favours us with two other cases, in which the same method succeeded; and, in the next article, communicates a very curious account of a locked jaw, and other spasmodic symptoms, occasioned by a wound in the fourth finger of the left hand. This wound was supposed to be cured, and appeared so inconsiderable when first discovered by Mr. White, that neither the patient, nor his friends, could believe it was the cause of his disorder. All the antispasmodic medicines, including opium given in large quantities, proving ineffectual, he was at length permitted to take off the last phalanx of the finger affected, and upon this amputation, the disorder gradually disappeared.

What follows is another case by Dr. Dickson, of a man cured of an incontinence of urine, by the application of a blister to the os sacrum.

The concluding article contains a series of judicious and interesting observations on a particular species of aneurism, by Dr. Hunter, which the practitioner in surgery cannot too carefully peruse.

This work is adorned with four well-executed copper-plates, for illustrating different subjects treated of in the course of the book; which, on the whole, we will venture to recommend as a very curious and useful collection.



ART. VI. *Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Payne.

AT a time when the Whitfield's, the Madan's, the Romaine's, the Jones's, and the rest of our fashionable *fanatics*, are endeavouring to corrupt the pure stream of Christianity, and to make us a nation of ridiculous *enthusiasts*, every sensible and well-meant endeavour to bring men back into the road of reason and common sense, has doubtless a claim to a favourable reception. It was therefore with pleasure we heard, that Mr. Langhorne, whose abilities we were already sufficiently convinced of, had entered the lists against them. The performance before us is a short but spirited confutation of several of the erroneous tenets industriously propagated by many of our new *sectaries*, with regard to *religious retirement, melancholy, and enthusiasm*. As many of the fair sex have been drawn aside by the affected piety and pretensions of our new *saints*, the author of these letters has, with great propriety, addressed them to an imaginary correspondent, whom he calls Cleora, and to whom he endeavours to point out the absurdity of a total separation from the world, an indulgence in excessive sorrow, and irrational devotion. He observes to her with regard to *solitude*, that though it is generally said to be the *nurse of devotion*, yet that the devotion which is entirely mental may in time degenerate into spiritual pride; it is by mixing in the business of life, and the connections of society only, that we feel our weakness, and it is by humility alone that piety can subsist.

'The Divine Goodness could never intend, that wretchedness should be annexed to piety; and it were impious to suppose, that he delights in the torment of his creatures. The ridiculous severities practised in the church of Rome, do not less blaspheme the perfections of the Almighty, than they reproach the reason of those deluded or designing people that maintain them. The voice of religion is the voice of joy; *her ways are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace*. Would the Almighty, whose principal aim is the welfare of his creatures, have appointed them a rule of life inconsistent with their happiness? Could the unenlightened heathens pronounce virtue to be its own reward; and shall not we, *to whom life and immortality is brought to light*, find a pleasure in the practice of it proportionably greater?

'Our holy religion, perhaps, has not suffered more from the attacks of open violence, than from the folly or treachery of her own professors: when she is disguised in a gloomy and forbidding aspect, charged with penal severities, and excluded from innocent pleasures; every man who consults his own happiness,

ness, would rather shun her as a *phantom*, than seek her as a *friend*. How different is the picture which the amiable and eloquent apostle gives us of her! He represents her, what she really is, as a perpetual source of joy—*Rejoice*, says he, *evermore*; and again *I say, rejoice*—Nay, when involved in almost all the calamities that nature could suffer, or tyranny inflict, the hopes of religion still support him, and make him superior to every distress: *I am filled with comfort*, says he, *I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation*: In our outward circumstances indeed, *we are as men dying*; but, *behold, we live!* as sorrowful, yet always *rejoicing*; as *having nothing*, and yet *possessing all things*.

The following letter will give our readers an idea both of the author's manner and intention in this performance.

‘ In the earlier part of my life (says he) I had the happiness to be acquainted with Eleanora. You know her, my friend: it was impossible to live within her circle, and not know Eleanora; the collected and expressive sweetness of her aspect, and the tender sensibility of her heart, made her universally beloved and admired.

‘ This amiable person, about the age of nineteen, became a prey to the monster *Superstition*. She had been induced by a maiden aunt to go several times to a conventicle. I observed her cheerfulness abated, and imputed the change to want of health; till one evening, when I visited her, and, thinking to divert her melancholy humour, ventured to ask her for a song—She started at the proposal, and—“What (says she) would you have me sing? enough has been given to vanity”——’Twas in vain that I represented to her, the innocence of such an amusement—in vain that I told her, it was necessary for the mind to suspend its attention, and vary its pursuits; that it could not be more agreeably or more innocently relaxed than by music; and that even the exercises of devotion, by being too assiduously repeated, would become languid and unaffecting.

‘ Eleanora continued to encourage a kind of stupifying melancholy, while her good aunt and her fanatic teacher, mutually blessed each other for having, as they termed it, *brought a soul to a sense of her sins*. That heaviness which hung upon her heart, they told her was *the first fruits of the spirit*; and that to endeavour to divert it, would be *fighting against God*: that she must wait, with patience, *till the great work was wrought in her*; and that she should soon experience the impulse of the spirit, *in the blessed assurance of her salvation*. In short, with this and such like cant, did they almost turn the head of this pious young lady—She waited in vain for those extraordinary *convictions and sensations*, which they told her she must feel, or be a *reprobate*; for that, *without experience, no one should see the Lord*.

‘ At



‘ At length her melancholy affected her constitution ; and she languished away in the bloom of life, a sacrifice to *fanaticism*.’

We doubt not but the Eleanora, whom our author here mentions was no *ideal*, but a *real* personage. Many an unhappy woman has, we believe, within these few years met with the same fate, and fallen a sacrifice to *fanaticism*.

In the sixteenth letter Mr. Langhorne very sensibly remarks, that ‘ though our enthusiasts seem very much averse to popery, yet they hold some of the worst doctrines of it—I speak not now of their uncharitableness, their indiscriminate condemnation of all who differ from them—But what falls under the article we are now considering, is, their pretence to a plenary inspiration, which is only another name for infallibility, one of the rotten pillars of the Romish church. All the difference is, that instead of one pope, these find a thousand, in their ignorant teachers, whom they consider as so many gods ; while their crude and undigested preachments are looked upon as oracles.’

But the prettiest part of this little performance is, in our opinion, the *sixth* letter, which is a kind of genealogical tale, agreeably told, and conveying, at the same time, some very profitable instruction. As it is very short, we shall give it our readers in the author’s own words :

‘ Religious *Melancholy* was the daughter of *Enthusiasm* and *Superstition* ; she was nursed, by her mother, in the cell of a Dominican convent ; and her only food was bread and water. As the parents had no other view for their daughter, than the inheritance of immortality, she was never instructed in human learning ; for it was a maxim with them, that Ignorance is the mother of Devotion, and that enlightened reason serves only to cavil against the impulses of heaven. From her mother, *Melancholy* inherited gloominess and fear ; and from her father, disordered and unequal passions, flights, raptures, and reveries—She spent her days in mortification, and her nights in terror ; for she was taught to believe, that her devotion would be acceptable to God, in proportion as it was distressful to herself. From that persuasion, she passed the greatest part of her life in penal austerities : but, as she was the child of *Enthusiasm*, she was sometimes visited with a gleam of fanatic joy, which shone through the gloom of her cell ; and, during those intervals, she asserted that she was in heaven. Those intervals, however, as they were too powerful for a mortal mind, were very short and very rare : her exhausted spirits were afterwards reduced to the lowest languor ; and she, who, the last moment, was exulting in the ecstasies of heaven, was now aghast on the brink of hell.

‘ Such

‘Such was the life of Religious Melancholy ; till the benevolent Father of Nature, pitying her undeserved miseries, and weary of her preposterous devotion, delivered the innocent wretch from that being she had received in vain.’

We could wish, upon the whole, that the ingenious author had entered a little more deeply into his subject, and been more full and explicit in his observations, as the matter which he treats is, we think, at present, of the utmost consequence. We are sorry at the same time to observe (but we attribute it to the ingenious art and mystery of the *bookseller*) that this pamphlet, which, fairly printed, would not make above one sheet of our *Review*, is, by a division into *twenty* letters, with large and convenient *blank spaces* at the end of each, swelled into *eighty-seven* pages, merely to *eke out* the performance to a proper length. These are artifices which an author *suffers* for, and a bookseller *enjoys*.—So true is an excellent poet’s observation, that

“What authors lose, their booksellers have won,  
So pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.”

ART. VII. *The Art of Short Hand Improved : Being an universal Character, adopted to the English Language ; whereby every Kind of Subject may be expressed or taken down in a very easy, compendious, and legible Manner, either in public or private.* By David Lyle, A. M. 8vo. Pr. 10s. 6d. Millar.

**I**N a former article upon Taplin’s Short Hand (vol. XI. p. 250) we observed the utility of this art is so obvious and univ-  
ersal, that we were astonished the properties of a perfect short hand had never been duly considered, and that this useful art had never been brought to any fixed or ultimate degree of perfection. At the same time we took the liberty to inform the public of the performance now under consideration : we promised to delay our most material remarks till it should appear ; and therefore we shall be a little more full upon the subject.

If we consider the end and use of short hand, we shall easily find, that the most perfect system can be no other than this, viz. The shortest intelligible method of writing. Now in order to find out such a method, it must be necessary to consider the nature of alphabetic writing in general, and how far it can be shortened without impairing its intelligibility.

Alphabetic writing consists of certain marks or characters, each of which has been agreed upon to signify an articulate sound ; and when joined together, they represent a sound generally consisting of so many articulations as there are characters joined together ; these have also been agreed upon to signify an idea or thought ; and this is called a word or sentence.



But as the art of writing in our language is pretty ancient, besides the imperfect and careless use of an alphabet at first, innovations and alterations have gradually crept into it, some of them for the better, but perhaps as many for the worse. Hence it has happened, that we have some characters which signify more sounds than one, and, on the contrary, some sounds which may be expressed by different characters; and for others we have properly none at all.

This is an imperfection in writing, which cannot easily be remedied: and even though such an improvement were, in time, brought about; yet such is the mutability of things, and our passion for novelty so strong, that it would not remain long in this perfect state. This being the case with long hand-writing, it must be absolutely necessary, in order to obtain a perfect short hand in the English language, to neglect long hand characters, and the manner in which sounds are signified by them, intirely; and in the first place, to find out as many of the shortest, simple, and compound characters, as shall be necessary to represent the principal simple and compound sounds, generally made use of; secondly, to appropriate the simplest and easiest written, and joined characters, to signify the simplest and most frequently used sounds, in the most proper manner with regard to joining; and, thirdly, to abridge the whole as much as possible, leaving it still intelligible, according to the nature of our language. This we take to be the plan for framing a perfect short hand; and it is precisely the same with that which Mr. Lyle has delineated in his preface, and executed in his work. From hence we may observe, that not only every language must have a short hand peculiar to itself; but that, as a language changes with regard to the use of sounds, its short hand, like a dictionary, ought also to be altered. In the English language, however, such an alteration would not now seem to be necessary once in a century, unless some great revolution should happen among the people.

The book is dedicated to the earl of Bute. The preface begins with some observations on the external signs of our thoughts, and the speediest and most perspicuous methods of signifying them in writing, and contains the plan and manner of the author's composing his alphabets, and of adapting them to the purpose of writing, which, as we observed, seem to us to be the most rational of any thing of the kind that can be conceived, an extremely proper introduction to the art, and a thing which has never before, that we know of, been attempted in any book published on this subject. The scheme of articulate sounds, however, which is drawn up with a very nice attention to, and description of their formations, after the manner of the  
systematic

systematic writers, particularly in the Latin language, will not, we are afraid, be understood by every reader.

The work itself is remarkably methodical ; a circumstance which has been very much neglected by writers on this subject, as well as most others. There is a great variety of characters, which are equally simple and distinct ; and though this may discourage the learner at first view, yet after they are acquired, it is a great advantage to make the writing short and intelligible. The small distinctions between the direct and reversed characters, will occasion mistakes in beginners ; but this, in such a variety of characters, cannot be avoided ; and even in long hand alphabets we see the same perplexity has taken place, where there is no necessity for it, particularly between the b and d, the p and q, in the Roman character, which always puzzle children when they begin their letters.

The shortest, and easiest written, and joined characters, are very judiciously chosen to signify the most simple and most frequently used and combined sounds ; and at the same time they are contrived so as to have as few words as possible, consisting wholly of strait or curve lines, but of a convenient mixture of both. There are some of the sounds which might be signified by other characters, without any very sensible inconvenience ; but this we must own would only be an alteration, perhaps, for the worse, instead of an improvement. The method of expressing all the vowels is conformable to the general plan, and what has never been thought of by any other writer on the subject. The nice variety will occasion some difficulty to the learner ; but this will be compensated by the pleasure attending it : and we do not think that any difficulty will arise from the drawing of lines upwards, which this method sometimes requires, as we see this is very practicable in writing music ; nor do we think that this nicety will be in the least inconvenient, as the vowels are so seldom expressed. The distinction between the proper and improper joining, we think extremely useful, and indeed the only means which can be thought of to distinguish between appellatives and proper names, and terms of art, which have always been very troublesome in short hand. For the truth is, with regard to alphabets in general in short hand, they are chiefly useful in composing characters for words or sentences, and to help the memory ; therefore short hand can never be written expeditiously, till these become as familiar as the common characters for number ; and to have these words properly writ out, is the great use of his specimens and dictionaries. With regard to any other advantages which this performance has over others, we must refer the reader to the author's preface, and his own explanation.



Upon the whole, we think that not only the plan of this work is the best that can be conceived, but that it is executed in the most masterly manner; and therefore we recommend it to be learned by the British youth, and to be perused by all men of letters.

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ART. VIII. *Anecdotes of Painting in England; with some Account of the principal Artists; and incidental Notes on other Arts; collected by the late Mr. George Vertue; and now digested and published from his original MSS. by Mr. Horace Walpole. 2 Vols. 4to. Pr. 1l. 10s. Bathoe.*

THESE anecdotes, may, for aught we know, be of consequence to meer antiquarians, who, as the author observes, are contented with bare information, without being very solicitous about the nature of that information, provided it be derived from a remote æra; but, with regard to the British connoisseur who feels for the honour of his country, they will only serve to mortify his pride, by shewing how late the progress of taste hath been in this kingdom, and how few of the natives have distinguished themselves by their genius for painting. At the same time, it must be owned that the ingenious editor hath interspersed many judicious remarks of his own, together with many amusing particulars, and rendered the work as entertaining as the dryness of the subject would permit.

These two volumes in quarto are adorned with a frontispiece and a good number of heads, some of which are well engraved. The paper is good; but we cannot bestow great commendation on the printing, though it was executed under the author's eye at Strawberry-hill. The book, we imagine, might have been as well printed on Garlick-hill, Tower-hill, Ludgate-hill, or any other hill within the bills of mortality.

It is dedicated to the baroness dowager Hervey of Ickworth, a lady who has long been admired for the elegance of her accomplishments and the goodness of her disposition; and is ushered in by a sensible preface, in which the reader will find much entertainment. Mr. Walpole, however, seems to be a little heterodox in some of his opinions. He thinks the production of the arts is independent of protection. 'Who (says he) countenanced the arts more than Charles I.—But want of protection is the apology for want of genius: Milton and Fontaine did not write in the bask of court-favour.—A poet, or a painter, may want an equipage or a villa by wanting protection: they can always afford to buy ink and paper, colours and pencils. Mr. Hogarth has received no honours, but universal admiration."

tion."——All the world knows that in the reign of the first Charles, this kingdom was overspread with a thick gloom of the most illiberal superstition, which the influence of that monarch's taste and munificence had not time nor power to dissipate: besides, the attention of people in general, was at that period strongly engaged by objects of a more interesting nature. The nation was in a ferment from the moment that Charles ascended the throne, though fifteen years elapsed before it produced a civil war. This interval was surely no season for the production of the liberal arts. They may spring up in a cold climate; but an uninterrupted storm will certainly destroy them. They depend more upon the protection of the public than upon the generosity of the prince; and the public of those days had a puritanical aversion to painting, as an implement of popish idolatry.—Genius will, no doubt, sometimes burst through all obstacles, by virtue of its own internal vigour: but we may lay it down as a self-evident proposition, that genius will always open and diffuse itself in proportion to the care with which it is cherished and protected. By protection, we mean such indulgence as constitutes that ease of circumstances which facilitates the birth of talent. Though Milton and Fontaine did not write in the bask of court-favour, (by the bye, *bask* is no substantive) they never knew indigence, nor were they entirely without protection.—Milton was appointed Latin secretary to Oliver Cromwell: Fontaine had a pension from Mr. Fouquet superintendant of the finances; and afterwards lived above twenty years in the house of Madame de la Sablière, where he was treated with the utmost delicacy of regard and attention; in the same manner as the late Mr. Gay, whose talent was congenial with that of Fontaine, enjoyed the most happy asylum in the Queensberry family. We believe there are very few instances in this country, of a poet, or a painter, deriving an equipage or villa from the liberality of protection. These are superfluities at which few men of genius aspire: all that they require is an exemption from the cares and troubles of life, that they may cultivate their talents without interruption. That Mr. Hogarth has received no honours and enjoyed no patronage, will be an eternal reproach upon the government by which he was neglected. It is well for that inimitable artist, that the public had taste and generosity to discern and encourage the merit which a Gothic ad———n overlooked. This hath likewise been the stay and consolation of other men of genius, who might otherwise have starved in prison, like Cervantes, while their works were read with universal applause. Here are some other observations which we think exceptionable, but have not room to discuss. Mr. Vertue had taken great pains, it seems, to prove that painting existed  
in



in England, before the restoration of it in Italy by Cimabue, who lived in the thirteenth century; and without all doubt, he might have demonstrated this proposition, if any merit, or even the denomination of *art*, can be given to that sort of painting used in England during the reign of Henry III. It appears from the records, that in this king's reign a certain painter had twenty shillings for painting the Exchequer Chamber. Another was ordered to paint the king's chamber in Winchester castle, with the same histories and pictures with which it had been formerly painted. There is a third precept for painting in the king's round chapel at Woodstoke, the majesty of the Lord, the four evangelists, St. Edmund and St. Edward. Among other mandates of the same kind, there is one from which the editor conjectures that oil-colours were used in England, long before John ab Eyck is said to have discovered that method.—“*Liberate de Thesauro nostro Odoni Auri-fabro et Edwardo filio suo centum et septemdecem solidos et decem denarios pro oleo, vernici, et coloribus emptis, et picturis factis in camerâ reginæ nostræ apud Westm. &c.*” But this does not imply that the oil was used in painting. What sort of figures were painted in those days may be guessed from the frontispiece, taken from an antient window in the church of Bexhill in Suffex, representing Henry III. and queen Eleanor, who have scarce the appearance of human creatures. Among these orders, it appears that painting on glass was already practised in this kingdom; and here is a curious passage, shewing that the art of brewing wines was likewise understood, and exercised for the king's use.—“*De potibus delicatis ad opus regis faciendis.*”

We are in doubt about the propriety of this expression: ‘The lions in the arms of England were originally leopards,’ which seems to imply an actual metamorphosis.

Henry III. though a weak and worthless prince, was certainly a munificent encourager of artists; and Mr. Vertue has discovered that the shrine of Edward the Confessor, erected in this reign, was the work of Peter Cavallini, a celebrated Roman sculptor.

In the reigns of the two first Edwards, there were Greek enamellers in England. Bishop Wickham's crozier at Oxford is a curious piece of workmanship. There are two different portraits of Richard II. one in Westminster-abbey; the other at Wilton, in the collection of the earl of Pembroke. These, together with a picture of Henry IV. are painted in oil. Mr. Walpole seems to think that John ab Eyck learned this art in England; and he gives us, from Sandrart, an account of the manner in which they painted before this art was discovered. There is a portrait of Henry V. on board at Kensington; and  
our

our author has favoured us with a plate engraved from a curious old altar-piece, in the collection of Mr. West secretary of the treasury. It is painted with oil-colours, on several boards joined, four feet three inches high, by four feet six wide.

‘ On the left-hand is the king in dark purple robes lined with ermine, the crown on his head. He is kneeling before a desk on which is a missal, and the sceptre and globe. Behind him on their knees are his three brothers, Thomas duke of Clarence; John duke of Bedford; Humphrey duke of Gloucester. They are dressed in robes like the king’s, and wear golden coronets: over them is a tent, striped with white and gold, on which are red roses crowned; and the valance of the same colours with red roses and portuliffes. A small angel flying holds the top of the tent. The queen is opposite, under another tent exactly in the same manner, except that there is no sceptre on her desk. Behind her are four ladies dressed like her and with coronets. The two first are probably Blanche dutchess of Bavaria, and Philippa queen of Denmark, the king’s sisters; who the other two are is more difficult to decide, as they are represented with dishevelled hair, which in pictures of that time is a mark of virginity. It has been supposed that the two elder were the wives of the dukes of Clarence and Bedford, and the two younger their sisters; but this clashes with all history and chronology. Blanche and Philippa were both married early in their father’s reign: and to suppose the two younger ladies the brides of Clarence and Bedford would be groundless, for Margaret Holland, the wife of the former, was a widow when he married her. As all the portraits are imaginary, it does not much signify for whom the painter intended them. A larger angel standing, holds the cloth of the two tents together. On a rising ground above the tents is St. George, on a brown steed, striking with his sword at the dragon, which is flying in the air, and already pierced through the forehead with a spear, on which is a flag with the cross of St. George. Cleodelinde, with a lamb, is praying beneath the dragon. On the hills are Gothic buildings and castles, in a pretty taste.

‘ This curious picture, after it was taken from Shene, was in the Arundelian collection, and was sold at Tart-hall in 1719.’

Speaking of Henry VI. Mr. Walpole says, ‘ In my possession is a remarkable piece, which so many circumstances affix to the history of this prince, that I cannot hesitate to believe it designed for him, though I imagine it was painted after his death. It is the representation of his marriage. There are eleven figures, of which all the heads are well painted: the draperies are hard and stiff. The king in rich robes, but with  
rude



rude dishevelled hair, as are all the men, stands before the portal of a magnificent church, giving his hand to the queen, who is far from being a lovely bride, and whom the painter seems satirically to have insinuated by the prominence of her waste not to have been so perfect a virgin as her flowing hair denotes. Kemp, archbishop of York, and afterwards of Canterbury, and one of her chief counsellors, is performing the marriage rites by holding the pallium over their conjoined hands. It is remarkable that the prelate wears thin yellow gloves, which are well represented. Behind the king, in a robe of state, stands the duke of Gloucester, and seems reproving a nobleman, whom I take for the marquis of Suffolk. Behind the queen is a lady in a kind of turban or diadem, probably designed for her mother, the titular queen of Naples and Jerusalem. Beyond her, another in a widow's dress, opposite to whom is a comely gentleman. This pair I conclude is Jaqueline, duchess of Bedford, widow of duke John, and her second husband. Our historian says, that pretty suddenly after the duke's death, she married Sir Richard Widville, a goodly young knight. They were the parents of Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV. On the fore ground, opposite to the marquis of Suffolk, stands a noble virgin, whom I take for Margaret of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. one of the charges against the marquis of Suffolk was, that he endeavoured to marry his son to this lady Margaret, a princess of the blood. Near the archbishop is a cardinal, who is certainly Winchester, the king's great uncle. The face is very like the image on his tomb at Winchester; nor can one account for his not performing the ceremony, but by his dignity of prince of the blood, which did not suffer by the ministration of an inferior prelate. Behind the queen of Naples is an abbess, and at a distance a view of a town, that must be Tichfield, from whence the queen was led to be married at Southwick. Besides the seeming pregnancy of the queen, there is another circumstance, conclusive for this picture being painted after the death of Henry. Round his head is the nimbus, or glory: an addition that was as posterior to his marriage, as the painter seems to intimate the queen's fruitfulness was anterior to it. Round the hem of the queen's robe are some letters, which are far from being so intelligible as the other incidents. The words are involved in the folds; what appear, are *Vol salu Regin m*—one knows that *Salve Regina mater cœlorum* is the beginning of a hymn—but I know not what to make of *Vol*—the painter probably was no Latinist—and indeed the first letter of *Regina*, he has drawn more like to a *B* than an *R*. On the abbess's girdle is *Vel ave*—as little to be decyphered as her majesty's *Vol*.

The uncouth manners of those days are extremely well delineated in the two following anecdotes :

‘ Thes be the parcels that Will. Seburgh citizen and pentour of London hath delivered in the month of Juyll the xv year of the reign of king Harry the sixt, to John Ray, taillour of the same citee, for the use and stuff of my lord of Warwyk.

‘ Ferst, cccc pencels bete with the raggidde staffe of silver, pris the pece *vd.* 08*l.*—6*s.*—00*d.*

‘ Item, for the peynting of two paveys for my lord, the one with a gryfon stondying in my lordis colours rede, white and russet, pris of the pavys 00—06—08.

‘ Item, for the other pavys peyntid with black and a raggid staffe bete with silver occupying all the felde, pris 00—03—04.

‘ Item, one coat for my lordis body, bete with fine gold, pris 01—10—00.

‘ Item, for a grete stremour for the ship of xl yerdis length, and viii yerdis in brede, with a grete bere and gryfon holding a raggid staffe, poudrid full of raggid slaves; and for a grete crosse of St. George, for the lymmyng and portraying 01—06—08.’

‘ Isabel, countess of Warwick, in 1439, bequeathed her tablet with the image of our lady to the church of Walsingham, and it is even mentioned that this tablet had a glasse over it. I cannot pass over this magnificent lady without taking a little notice of some other particulars of her will. She was daughter and at length sole heiress of Thomas le Despenser earl of Gloucester, widow of Richard Beauchamp earl of Worcester, and afterwards by dispensation married to his cousin that potent and warlike peer, Richard Beauchamp earl of Warwick. Their portraits on glasse with others of their lineage were long extant in the church at Warwick. Her great templys with the baleys sold to the utmost, she gave to the monks of Tewksbury, so that they grucht not with her burial there, and what else she had appointed to be done about the same. To our lady of Walsingham, her gown of green alyz cloth of gold with wide sleeves, and a tabernacle of silver like in the timbre to that over our lady of Caversham, and ordered that her great image of wax, then at London, should be offered to our lady of Worcester. To the abbey of Tewksbury she gave her wedding-gown, and all her cloaths of gold and cloaths of silk without furs, saving one of russet velvet which she bestowed on St. Winifrede. But having thus disposed of her wardrobe for the use of the saints, she seems to have had very different thoughts about her self, ordering that “ a statue of her should be made all nakyd with her hair cast backward, according to the design and model that one Thomas Porchalion had for that purpose.”

This



This extreme prohibition of all covering, I suppose, flowed from some principle of humility in this good lady, who having divested herself of all vain ornaments in favour of our lady and St. Winifrede, would not indulge her own person even in the covering of the hair of her head. And it looks, by the legacy to the monks above, as if she had some apprehensions that they would not relish or comprehend the delicacy of such total rejection of all superfluities.

The most valuable artists of that age were the illuminators of manuscripts, who shewed some taste in their animals, fruits, and foliage. Henry himself seems to have had no taste for the arts; nor does it appear that any was possessed by his queen Margaret, tho' her father, Rene of Anjou, king of the two Sicilies, &c. was counted the best painter of his day. This art was as little cultivated during the succeeding reigns of Edward IV. and Richard III. though there are portraits of these princes still extant; and our author has obliged us with a ludicrous extract, relating to a curious piece of workmanship, taken from a book belonging to the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe, at Bristol.

‘ Memorandum,

‘ That master Cummings hath delivered the 4th day of July in the year of our lord 1470 to Mr. Nicholas Bettes vicar of Ratcliffe, Moses Couteryn, Philip Bartholemew, and John Brown, procurators of Ratcliffe before said, a new sepulchre well-gilt, and cover thereto, an image of God Almighty rysing out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say,

‘ A lath made of timber and iron work thereto;

‘ Item, thereto longeth *Heven*, made of timber, and stained cloth;

‘ Item, *Hell*, made of timber and iron work, with devils; the number, thirteen;

‘ Item, Four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands, that is to say, two spears, two axes, two paves;

‘ Item, Four pair of angel's wings, for four angels, made of timber and well-painted.

‘ Item, The fadre, the crown and visage, the bell with a cross upon it well-gilt with fine gold;

‘ Item, The Holy Ghost coming out of heven into the sepulchre;

‘ Item, Longeth to the angels four chevelers.’

In the reign of Henry VII. John Mabuse, born at Maubeuge in Hainault, painted many pieces in England; and, in particular, a picture representing the marriage of Henry, now in Mr. Walpole's possession. A plate of it, engraved by Grignon,

nion, is inserted in this work, together with a head of the painter, of whom the following merry incident is related.

‘The marquis de Veren took him into his own house, where he drew the Virgin and Child, borrowing the ideas of their heads from the marquis’s lady and son. This was reckoned his capital piece. It afterwards passed into the cabinet of M. Frosmont.

‘While he was in this service, the emperor Charles V. was to lodge at the house of that lord, who made magnificent preparations for his reception, and among other expences ordered all his household to be dressed in white damask. Mabuse, always wanting money to waste in debauchery, when the tailor came to take his measure, desired to have the damask, under pretence of inventing a singular habit. He sold the stuff, drunk out the money, and then painted a suit of paper, so like damask, that it was not distinguished, as he marched in the procession, between a philosopher and a poet, other pensioners of the marquis, who being informed of the trick, asked the emperor which of the three suits he liked best: The prince pointed to Mabuse’s, as excelling in the whiteness and beauty of the flowers; nor did he till convinced by the touch, doubt of the genuineness of the silk. The emperor laughed much—but, though a lover of the art, seems to have taken no other notice of Mabuse; whose excesses some time after occasioned his being flung into prison at Middleburgh, where however he continued to work.’

Henry VIII. encouraged the arts, through ostentation. He endeavoured to tempt Raphael and Titian into his service: some Italian performers actually arrived in England. Lucas Cornelii was appointed his majesty’s painter: but Hans Holbein was far superior to all the other artists he employed. His father was a painter of Augsburg; but he himself was born at Basil, where he contracted a friendship with Erasmus, who recommended him to Sir Thomas More. He worked near three years in that gentleman’s house at Chelsea, and was afterwards introduced by him to king Henry, who allotted to him an apartment in the palace, with a salary of two hundred florins; and he was paid for his pictures besides. He drew the king several times, and all his queens, together with many other portraits, which are still extant and well known.

‘After the death of Jane Semour, Holbein was sent to Flanders to draw the picture of the duchess dowager of Milan, widow of Francis Sforza, whom Charles V. had recommended to Henry for a fourth wife, but afterwards changing his mind, prevented him from marrying. Among the Harleian MSS. there is a letter from Sir Thomas Wyat to the king, congratulating his majesty, on his escape, as the dutchess’s chastity was  
a little



a little equivocal. If it was, considering Henry's temper, I am apt to think that the dutchess had the greater escape. It was about the same time that it is said she herself sent the king word, "That she had but one head; if she had two, one of them should be at his majesty's service."

Holbein was next dispatched by Cromwel to draw the lady Anne of Cleve, and by practicing the common flattery of his profession, was the immediate cause of the destruction of that great subject, and of the disgrace that fell on the princess herself. He drew so favourable a likeness, that Henry was content to wed her—but when he found her so inferior to the miniature, the storm which really should have been directed at the painter, burst on the minister; and Cromwell lost his head, because Anne was a *Flanders mare*, not a *Venus*, as Holbein had represented her.

Mr. Walpole has given a long list of Holbein's performances, interspersed with critical remarks, which are equally judicious and entertaining; and likewise favoured the public with a print of this artist, extremely well engraved, by Chambers.

Among other foreign artists entertained by Henry VIII. was Pietro Torregiano, a celebrated sculptor of Florence, who executed the monument of Henry VII. for which he had a thousand pounds. This Torregiano, who was a strange, turbulent fellow, had been the rival of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, whose nose he had flattened with a blow of his fist: he had likewise bore a captain's commission in the army, before he arrived in England, where he was employed by Henry. In a voyage he made from thence to his own country, in order to engage other artists, he bragged every day (says Cellini) of his playing the Hector among those brutes the English—*ed ogni Giorno ragionava delle sue bravure con quelle bestie de quelli Inglese*.—At length he quitted England and settled in Spain, where he was accused of heresy, imprisoned in the inquisition, tried and condemned. The execution was respited; but he became melancholly mad, and starved himself to death at Seville. Hitherto England produced but a few obscure artists, whose names are scarce worthy of being transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Walpole takes occasion to make a comparison between the Grecian and Gothic architecture, in which we think, he is rather too favourable to the latter stile.

The pointed arch, that peculiar of Gothic architecture, was certainly intended as an improvement on the circular, and the men who had not the happiness of lighting on the simplicity and proportion of the Greek orders, were however so lucky as to strike out a thousand graces and effects, which rendered their buildings magnificent, yet genteel, vast, yet light, venerable and picturesque. It is difficult for the noblest Grecian temple

temple to convey half so many impressions to the mind, as a cathedral does of the best Gothic taste—a proof of skill in the architects and of address in the priests who erected them. The latter exhausted their knowledge of the passions in composing edifices whose pomp, mechanism, vaults, tombs, painted windows, gloom and perspectives infused such sensations of romantic devotion; and they were happy in finding artists capable of executing such machinery. One must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture; one only wants passions to feel Gothic. In St. Peter's one is convinced that it was built by great princes—In Westminster abbey, one thinks not of the builder; the religion of the place makes the first impression—and though stripped of its altars and shrines, it is nearer converting one to popery than all the regular pageantry of Roman domes. Gothic churches infuse superstition; Grecian, admiration. The papal see amassed its wealth by Gothic cathedrals, and displays it in Grecian temples.'

To account for the different effects produced by these different performances, we would observe, that this veneration is created rather by the ideas of superstition, religion, and mortality annexed to the Gothic pile, than to the taste of the building itself. Without all doubt, the solitude, the gloom, the melancholy monuments of the dead, the characters of the worthies there interred, and the interesting recollection of ancestry, by some of whom that very pile was built, added to the vastness of the edifice itself, must generate a pleasing horror in the mind, which is not felt in surveying a work of a different nature. In our opinion therefore, there cannot be a fair comparison made of the two styles, but between two palaces of the Grecian and Gothic architecture, where the imagination and judgment are uninfluenced by adventitious ideas; and we are apt to believe that the beauties of Grecian architecture will at once recommend themselves to every unprejudiced beholder, by their own intrinsic merit; whereas the Gothic must be introduced to the approbation, through the canal of passions which real beauty could never be supposed to inspire.—At the same time, we must allow with our author, that the Gothic style is susceptible of general magnificence, and partial beauty.—The editor thinks the Gothic style, in point of delicacy, lightness and ornament, seems to have been at its perfection about the reign of Henry IV, as may be seen by the tombs of the archbishops of Canterbury. That cathedral he recommends preferably to Westminster for ornaments. The fret work in the small oratories at Winchester, and the part behind the Choir at Gloucester, would furnish beautiful models. The windows in several cathedrals offer graceful patterns; for airy towers almost of filigrane, there are none to be compared with those of Rheims.—He tells us  
that



that the Grecian architecture was introduced in England piecemeal in the reign of Henry VIII. plaistered upon Gothic, so as to form a barbarous mixture, and this mungrel species lasted till late in the reign of James. Hans Holbein designed the porch at Wilton, which is of this bastard sort. There was one John of Padua, an Italian architect, in Henry's service; but his works are not particularized. Under Edward VI. and Mary, the arts were at a low ebb; yet Antonio More, a native of Utrecht, came over and drew Mary, together with many other portraits, for which he was liberally rewarded. He followed her husband Philip into Spain, and had a strange adventure with that monarch. Philip, in a familiar jocular manner, flapping him one day on the back pretty roughly, More returned the jest with his hand-stick, and was banished for his presumption. He was a person of a noble carriage, lofty disposition, and lived magnificently in his own country: a print of him, done by Chambers, is in this collection, together with one of Joas van Cleve, an artist of Flanders, who likewise resided in England at this period, and died frantic with mortified pride. Among the painters of this reign Mr. Walpole ranks Edward Courtney, the last earl of Devonshire of that house, who in his confinement amused himself with painting: here is a portrait of him by Sir Antonio More, engraved by Chambers.

Though Elizabeth had neither taste for painting, nor munificence to encourage artists, several foreign painters sojourned in England during her reign, particularly Lucas de Heere, Cornelius Ketel, Frederic Zuccherro, Marc Garrard, and Henry Cornelius Vroom; none of these were first-rate painters, tho' many of their portraits are still preserved and valued; and their heads are engraved for this performance. England, however, gave birth to some men of genius at this juncture. Nicholas Hilliard, jeweller and goldsmith to queen Elizabeth, had some merit as a painter in miniature, and drew the first personages of the age; but he was greatly excelled by Isaac Oliver, who painted that famous head of Mary queen of Scots, which was in Dr. Mead's collection; and was in all respects a great master.

Among other painters of this time, our author mentions Sir Nathaniel Bacon, knight of the Bath, a younger son of the keeper, and half-brother to lord Verulam. Some of his works are preserved at Culford, where he lived, and at Gorhambury, which was his father's seat. Prints of these three artists are also inserted in the first volume.

The second part of these anecdotes, we must defer till another occasion.

ATR. IX. *Poems.* By Robert Lloyd, A. M. 4to. Pr. 10s. 6d.  
Davies.

MR. Lloyd's poems, which have been so often *puffed* and *repuffed*, *coming out*, and *coming out*, and *coming out*, are at length *published*. His subscribing *creditors* were indeed grown so impatient, that if he had not made his *payments* good, his name would soon have been in the literary *gazette* as a poetical *bankrupt*. He has paid however at last ten shillings in the pound, having presented them with about *half* a volume of *original* poems, the other half being filled with works which had made their appearance some time ago, and which are here republished to put us in mind, that

such things were,

And were most precious to us.

If a club of gentlemen, notwithstanding, were to sit down to a *half guinea* ordinary, they would think it rather ungenteeled in the landlord to cover half the table with *stale* dishes, which they had dined on, and paid for the week before; but poets claim a right, it seems, of levying contributions of this kind, which, in other men, would be called an arbitrary and oppressive conduct. Food enough, however, remains in Mr. Lloyd's *Poems*, for the moths and critics, and such vermin (here Mr. Lloyd we are beforehand with you) to feed upon; and therefore to our breakfast, as Harry says, "with what appetite we may."

The subject of most of the poems which are contained in this volume, is that which of all subjects is most agreeable to a writer, and on which indeed he generally writes best, namely—*Himself*. The *author's apology*, his *letter to George Colman, Esq;* an, *epistle to a friend*, and the *law student*, as they form the greatest, are likewise the most agreeable part of this collection: they seem to be penned (for the reason abovementioned) from the *heart*, and, as the Italians express it, *con amore*. Those poets who are entirely destitute of genius and parts, even though they do write about themselves, and consequently exert all the little talents they have, are notwithstanding extremely dull; but this is far from being Mr. Lloyd's case: for though the principal end and design of almost every thing in the book before us is manifestly either to vindicate his own conduct, acquaint us with his own taste and judgment, or find fault with those of others; though the whole consists either of the most extravagant panegyric on his friends, or the bitterest satire, on such as he terms his enemies, he has, notwithstanding, by dint of real genius and merit, so contrived as to make it entertaining.

The *Critical Reviewers*, who have come in for no small share of abuse from him, have, notwithstanding, candour and impartiality



partiality enough to see the merit of a foe, and to acknowledge, that in many parts of these poems we meet with a happy turn of thought and expression, with great facility of numbers: at the same time we would advise him, as friends, to be aware of vanity, and not

To run a muck, and tilt at all he meets;

to temper his poetical warmth with a little common discretion, and not to imagine that Lloyd and Co. are the only poetical merchants, whose notes will pass in the literary world.

The *author's apology*, which is the first poem, contains an account of his leaving *Westminster-school*, where he was an *usher*, for *Parnassus*, and the banks of *Helicon*, which, to be sure, are rather more agreeable places. His reflections on the employment of a pedagogue, are extremely just, and not without humour.

— Oh! 'tis a service irksome more  
Than tugging at the slavish oar.

Yet such his task, a dismal truth,  
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;  
And while a paltry stipend earning,  
He sows the richest seeds of learning,  
And tills their minds with proper care,  
And sees them their due produce bear,  
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,  
His own lies fallow all the while.

“ Yet still he's in the road, you say,  
Of learning.”—Why, perhaps, he may.  
But turns like horses in a mill,  
Nor getting on, nor standing still:  
For little way his learning reaches,  
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

“ Yet you can send advent'rous youth,  
In search of letters, taste, and truth,  
Who ride the highway road to knowledge  
Through the plain turnpikes of a college.”  
True.—Like way-posts, we serve to shew  
The road which travellers shou'd go;  
Who jog along in easy pace,  
Secure of coming to the place,  
Yet find, return whene'er they will,  
The post, and its direction still:  
Which stands an useful unthank'd guide,  
To many a passenger beside.

The simile of the *way-post* is well hit off, and prettily expressed. What he says about *Latin verses*, which have immortalized

talized so many *Eton and Westminster* poets, is extremely arch, and at the same time no less true; and the following lines might stand very well by way of motto to the *Muse Anglicana* or *Lusitana Westmonasteriensis*,

‘ A mere mechanical connection  
Of favourite words,—a bare collection  
Of phrases,—where the labour’d cento  
Presents you with a dull memento,  
How Virgil, Horace, Ovid join,  
And club together half a line.  
These only strain their motley wits  
In gathering patches, shreds, and bits,  
To wrap their barren fancies in,  
And make a classic Harlequin.’

Mr. Lloyd has a better right to speak thus of Latin verses than most men, because he knows by experience what sort of stuff they are made of, and has himself given us some very elegant ones at the end of this volume, which we suppose were made when he was at Westminster-school. We shall pass over our author’s *hymn to Apollo*, and his *epistle to \*\*\**, as there is very little in them. In the *epistle to J. B. Esq.* there are some pretty lines, where he complains,

‘ That modern rules obstruct perfection,  
And the severity of taste  
Has laid the walk of genius waste.

‘ Had Shakespeare (says he) crept by modern rules,  
We’d lost his witches, fairies, fools; —  
Instead of all that wild creation,  
He’d form’d a regular plantation,  
A garden trim, and all inclos’d,  
In nicest symmetry dispos’d,  
The hedges cut in proper order,  
Not e’en a branch beyond the border:  
Now like a forest he appears,  
The growth of twice three hundred years,  
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds  
Its airy summit in the clouds,  
While round its root still love to twine  
The ivy or wild eglantine.’

We do not much admire the fable of the *Satyr and Pedlar*, nor has the second *epistle to J. B.* or the *ode spoken on a public occasion*, much to recommend them; and, but that they serve, like the poems already published to swell the volume, might as well have been omitted.

The



The familiar epistle to *George Colman, Esq.* begins with these lines, which have great ease and nature in them :

‘ Friendship with most is dead and cool,  
A dull, inactive, stagnant pool;  
Yours like the lively current flows,  
And shares the pleasure it bestows.  
If there is ought, whose lenient pow’r  
Can sooth afflictions painful hour,  
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,  
And snatch the wretched from despair,  
Superior to the sense of woes,  
From friendship’s source the balsam flows.  
Rich then am I, possess’d of thine,  
Who know that happy balsam mine.

‘ In youth, from nature’s genuine heat,  
The souls congenial spring to meet,  
And emulation’s infant strife,  
Cements the man in future life.  
Oft too the mind well-pleas’d surveys  
Its progress from its childish days;  
Sees how the current upwards ran,  
And reads the child o’er in the man.  
For men, in reason’s sober eyes,  
Are children, but of larger size;  
Have still their idle hopes and fears,  
And Hobby-horse of riper years.’

The rest of it is all about *dear self*:

‘ Howe’er the river rolls its tides,  
The cork upon the surface rides.  
And on ink’s ocean lightly buoy’d,  
That cork of vanity is *Lloyd*.’

The *Law-student*, another epistle to Mr. Colman, is, we think, one of the best things in this collection: in this he addresses his *Pylades* on leaving Christ-church and fixing at Lincoln’s-Inn, and assures him that law and poetry are incompatible, because

‘ Wheree’er the muse usurps despotic sway,  
All other studies must of force give way.  
Int’rest in vain puts in her prudent claim,  
Nonsuited by the powerful plea of fame.  
As well you might weigh lead against a feather,  
As ever jumble wit and law together.  
On Littleton Coke gravely thus remarks,  
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!)

“ In

" In all our author's tenures, *be it noted,*  
 " This is the fourth time any verse is quoted."  
 Which, 'gainst the Muse and verse, may well imply  
 What lawyers call a *noli prosequi*.

At the conclusion of it he advises his friend to pursue his law studies, in the following spirited lines :

' —Stick close, dear Colman, to the Bar!  
 If genius warm thee, where can genius call  
 For nobler action than in yonder hall?  
 'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,  
 To club your legal threepence for a coach;  
 Then at the Hall to take your silent stand,  
 With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,  
 Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,  
 And noting down sage dictums from the court,  
 With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,  
 The index of your book of common place.

' These are mere drudges, that can only plod,  
 And tread the paths their dull forefathers trod,  
 Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,  
 From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.  
 Do Thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits !

He then concludes by paying some pretty compliments to our eminent lawyers,

' O for thy spirit, Mansfield ! at thy name  
 What bosom glows not with an active flame ?  
 Alone from Jargon born to rescue Law,  
 From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw !  
 To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,  
 And marry Common Law to Common Sense !

' Prat ! on thy lips persuasion ever hung !  
 English falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue ;  
 On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea  
 Unerring Henley found the just decree.

' Henley ! than whom, to Hardwick's well-raised  
 fame,  
 No worthier second royal George could name :  
 No lawyer of prerogative ; no tool  
 Fashioned in black corruption's pliant school ;  
 Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to stand,  
 And hold the scales of right with even hand !

' True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,  
 See, see in Yorke the force of lineal worth !

But



‘ But why their sev’ral merits need I tell ?  
Why on each honour’d sage’s praises dwell ?  
Wilmot how well his place, or Foster fills !  
Or shrewd sense beaming from the eye of Wills ?’

The first book of the *Henriade* is, in general, well translated; we could wish, that, for Mr. Voltaire’s honour, and his own, he would take the pains to go through the whole poem, and give it to the public. The familiar *Epistle* to an *Apothecary*, and the *Tale*, which come immediately after the translation of the *Henriade*, are, in our opinion, but very indifferent; it might seem invidious in us to point out or dwell upon their faults, we shall therefore pass them entirely over. The prologue intended to have been spoken on his majesty’s birth-day, and the *Latin Verses* above mentioned, conclude this work.

We have taken no notice of the *Cit’s Country-box* †, the *Epistle* to Mr. Garrick, the *Actor*, the two *Odes*, the *Epistle* to C. Churchill, the fable of Genius, Envy and Time, *Arcadia*, and some other little poems here inserted, because they have all been published, and consequently remarked on some time ago, and are only reprinted and put into this collection to make up the volume, which indeed without this addition could never have fairly entitled the author to ten shillings and sixpence.

ART. X. *Tales from Fontaine ; the first Satire and first Epistle of Horace ; and a Letter to a Friend, on his repining at old Age.*  
8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Nourse.

FONTAINE was one of the most original, easy, and agreeable writers that France has to boast of. There is such a simplicity in his narration, such a purity in his diction, such elegance and variety in his numbers, as must endear his works to every reader of taste; but the more excellent an author is, doubtless, the more difficult must be the task of a translator. That irregular metre which *Fontaine* is so happy in, has never, as we remember, been well imitated by any English author, except by *Vanbrugh* in his comedy of *Æsop*, though it is certainly much better adapted to tales and fables, than the Hudibrastic, or any other kind of verse which our modern fabulists and story-tellers have made use of. The author of the performance now before us, whoever he is (for that is a secret we are not yet let into) seems to be quite unequal to the task which he has undertaken, as we cannot form any idea of the merit of *Fontaine*, from this very poor and contemptible translation

† This poem is printed in the *Connoisseur*, and is not without merit.

(or rather burlesque) of him. This unmeaning versifyer has neither taste nor genius, and seems to be totally ignorant both of the French language and his own.

Prefixed to these poems (if so they may be called) is an epistle from the bookseller to the reader in most miserable rhyme, which begins thus:

‘The courteous reader’s probably in doubt,  
Curious to know how this same thing came out :  
To clear myself, and set the matter right,  
Sincerely I declare how I came by’t.’

Then follows a ridiculous *rigmo-roll* story about an officer which, for the honour of the said bookseller, we will not here repeat; but proceed to a few *short* extracts from the work itself, to which, lest our readers should think them too long, we will add the original also, by which they will at once see the merit of the French writer, and the unsuccessful attempt of the English translator.

Fontaine’s *Calendrier des Veillards*, taken from Boccace, is one of the best and most entertaining of his tales. The translator has called it *The Calendar of Old Fellows*, which is scarce intelligible, instead of the *Old Man’s Almanack*: but to pass over the impropriety of the title, let us see what justice he has done to the tale itself. Mr. Fontaine sets out thus:

“ Plus d’une fois je me suis étonné  
Qui ce qui fait la paix du mariage  
En est le point le moins considéré;  
Lorsque l’on met une fille en menage,  
Les pere & mere ont pour objet le bien  
Tout le surplus ils le comptent pour rien,  
Jeunes tendrons à Veillards appartiennent,  
Et cependant je voi qu’ils se soucient  
D’avoir chevaux à leur char attelés,  
De même tailles, & même chiens couplés;  
Ainsi des bœufs, qui de force pareille  
Sont toujours prits; car ce seroit merveille  
Si sans cela la charruc alloit bien.  
Comment pourroit celle du mariage  
Ne mal aller, étant un attelage  
Qui bien souvent ne se rapporte en rien?  
J’en vas conter un exemple notable.”

Those who know any thing of the French language, which is now almost universally understood amongst us, will observe that there is in this proæmium, a *curiosa felicitas*, a happiness both of sentiment and expression, which few modern writers have ever attained to, and which our translator, as we shall see by the following lines, had not the least idea of.

‘I’ve



‘ I’ve been astonish’d, many a time,  
In marriage, that the main design,  
Which can alone prevent debate,  
Or make peace in a marry’d state,  
From parents thoughts seems quite discarded;  
And naught, but money, is regarded.

‘ A daughter lovely, young, and gay,  
They’ll wed to one—If rich, that’s gray;  
Yet take great heed, when beasts they pair,  
To match them with peculiar care——  
Dogs, horses, of proportion’d force,  
Together draw or run the course;  
Oxen, when yok’d, are par’d with skill,  
Or else the plough would go but ill;  
And not to heed must be a joke  
Who’re join’d to drag the marriage yoke;  
For matters then must go but ill,  
When one will pull, and one stand still;  
The truth of what I here maintain  
The following tale will best explain.’

To pass over the villainous rhyme in the two first lines of *time* and *design*, which certainly, like Quinzeca and his wife, were never meant to come together, what is become of *lorsque l’on met une fille en menage*, or, *Jeunes tendrons à Veuillards appartiennent*, which are not so much as mentioned in the translation. The archness of the *attelage*, *qui bien souvent ne se rapporte en rien*, is intirely omitted by our *doer into English*, who, not understanding the force or humour of the original, puts us off with

‘ —— not to heed must be a joke,  
Who’re join’d to drag the marriage yoke.’

Indeed, Mr. translator, there is no *joke* in thus mangling one of the best authors we ever had; but this gentleman, we suppose, being a great lover of his own country, he thought it an honour to murder a Frenchman.

A little further on in this tale, Mr. Bookseller’s friend presents us with the following delightful strains:

‘ Bartholomée the lady’s name,  
For truth is all at which I aim;  
I hate your wicked jokes and gibes  
To wound one through another’s sides;  
I tell a fact, and cry beware,  
Remember this, and have a care;  
I hope I’ve not been in the wrong  
To clear this point, let’s now go on,

• The

'The lady, brought that instant in,  
She starts as at some frightful thing,  
Then stands surpriz'd, and takes a view  
As of some monster strange and new;  
He seems to her as much unknown,  
As one just from the torrid zone.

'Alas! Quinzeca cries, you see  
Plainly in this her modesty;  
Poor thing! she's bashful, now you're here,  
Asham'd to let her joy appear:  
Did not your presence give a check,  
Her arms had been around my neck;  
Boldness is what she never knew,  
On which the corsair straight *withdrew*.'

With which words we will *withdraw* also, having too much charity for our readers to trouble them with any more extracts from this most contemptible performance; to the author of which we recommend the following celebrated epigram, formerly made on a brother *dull-man*:

"Read the commandments, Sir, translate no further,  
For there 'tis written——*thou shalt do no murther*."

ART. XI. Longsword Earl of Salisbury. *An Historical Romance.* 2 Vols. Pr. 5s. Johnston.

WE are indebted to the author of this work for the introduction of a new and agreeable species of writing, in which the beauties of poetry, and the advantages of history are happily united. The story of this *romance* (as he modestly entitles it) is founded on real facts, and without doing any great violence to truth, pleases the imagination, at the same time that it improves the heart. The language, though adorned and elevated, is yet chaste and correct, and the liberty of now and then adopting an obsolete word or phrase, in which the author has very sparingly indulged himself, diffuses over the whole a very pleasing air of antiquity. The sentiments are exactly conformable to those exquisite notions of gallantry and honour which prevails in the age of his hero. The spirit and manners of the times are strictly preserved in the characters, which are singular and lively, strongly marked, and invariably supported. The descriptions are beautifully luxuriant, but never gratify the fancy at the expence of the writer's judgment. The events, tho' frequent, are not perplexed; and, without deviating from probability, are very powerfully interesting. The conduct resembles that of an epic poem; and had it the advantage of measure, we should not scruple to call it by that name.

The



The following extract may perhaps justify the character here given of this work. It is a complete story in itself, containing the adventures of a female attendant on the countess of Salisbury, and, we presume, cannot fail of affecting every reader of the least sensibility.

“Happier days have I beheld; and better fortune have I experienced. I had a husband, lady, brave and honest: a son too, trained to arms, and exercised in deeds of war.—But heaven was pleased to take them from me.

‘Our residence was in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, where we lived in peace, removed from the cares of greatness, and the bitterness of distress. My husband was loving; Edmund our only child, the delight of our eyes, and comfort of our advancing years. Though bred to arms, he was mild and gentle, and though nurtured in the humble vale of life, he was brave and generous. Even from his infant years, he had conceived an affection for the daughter (she too the only child) of a neighbouring Franklin, which grew with their ripening age; nor was condemned or controuled. The fond parents beheld this youthful pair of lovers with secret joy; and hoped, in them, to transmit their names and little inheritances to succeeding times. They were betrothed, and but waited for the holy benediction to crown their wishes; when war and tumult began to rage in England. John was then our king: he had submitted, and was reconciled to the holy father. He had attempted to recover his dominions in France; but, abandoned by his discontented nobles, he returned to his kingdom, full of vexation and revenge. Ah, lady, little doth the high-born courtier or the powerful lord conceive of that weight of misery which public dissentions heap upon the lowly subject! The king marched like an enemy thro’ the land, spoiling and ravaging the estates of his wayward barons. He arrived at Nottingham; where my lord of Canterbury, at length, prevailed to stop his unfriendly progress. He continued here for some time: his followers, secure in his protection, and enriched by his bounty, little regarded the severe limits which laws prescribe. Gay revellers they; who, full of mirth and disport, beguiled the time in song and dance with courtly dames. One of these glittering minions of royal favour perchance cast his wanton eyes on Edyth, the maid betrothed to my son. Accursed be the hour, in which he discovered, and was enamoured with her beauty! He courted her in gentle guise, with fair semblance of respect and decent love: he dazzled her with the view of costly gifts; he promised much, he sighed often, and sometimes wept; but all-fruitless were his endeavours to conquer the integrity of this honest maiden. Yet, not entirely displeased at his flattering arts, she listened without terror or abhorrence, whilst yet his

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purpose was not directly avowed ; and sometimes, yielding to his courtesy, suffered him to lead her forth, and to amuse her ear with tales of courtly pleasures and splendor. The jealous anxiety of Edmund ever watched their steps at wary distance : 'till at length, when this incautious maid had been conducted to a secret path, when she suddenly found her helpless innocence at the mercy of a luxurious courtier ; when he boldly prest his suit, and attempted to force her, trembling and dismayed, to his wicked purpose, her piercing shrieks soon summoned a faithful deliverer to her side. Edmund, mad with rage and jealousy, fatally smote the ravisher ; and carelessly leaving him weltering in blood, conveyed away his Edyth, who had fainted with terror and surprize, and safely deposited his heart's dear treasure in her father's dwelling.

“ An event like this was not to be concealed : nor did the unhappy youth, now mad with passion, and deaf to the calls of prudence, fear to avow his bloody deed freely and publicly. Soon was the body discovered ; and soon was Edmund seized, and torn from his frantic mistress. An armed band hurried him away, with loud and tumultuous denunciations of vengeance ; when happily the king, now returning from the chase, descried the rout, and dispatched an attendant to demand the cause of such disorder. Of this he was instantly informed ; and curious to learn the occasion of such a presumptuous violence upon his officer, to view the man who even boasted of his outrage, he ordered the criminal to be brought before him. My son was now led forward ; and as he prepared to cast himself at the feet of his liege, the fiery beast which the king bestrode, frightened at the tumult, began to start and rear up with ungovernable wildness. The attendants instantly alighted ; but before they could support their falling master, Edmund had burst like lightning from the hands of his guards, broke his fall, and remounted him. This zeal and vigour were beheld with wonder, and secret applause. The king himself was by no means unaffected by the incident. His looks grew less severe ; and in a tone, not angry, but majestically grave, he demanded to know who he was, and what had prompted him to this act of blood. My son kneeled before him, modest but not abject ; and with an ingenuous plainness and freedom, related the unhappy cause that had provoked him to this outrage : his love to the betrothed maid ; the arts and treachery to which she had been exposed ; the horrid attempt of violation ; and his own fatal encounter with the king's officer. In a word, he acknowledged the crime, and with decent boldness declared himself resigned to the punishment, and prepared to yield up his forfeit life. The king listened with attention, and in the natural and unaffected narrative saw the full proof of all that had been alledged. With a sudden warmth



warmth he swore by the foot of God, (his usual oath) that his servant had deservedly met his fate ; that Edmund was a brave youth, and merited not only pardon, but reward ; and that henceforward he should be his soldier. The witnesses of this scene were not slow to applaud the sentiments of their sovereign. They vied with each other in their praises of my son, whose youthful breast was but too susceptible of their impressions. How happy did we then esteem ourselves, when we saw our child rescued from destruction, graced with the royal favour, and entrusted with an honourable command ! To us he paid his filial duty ; then flew to the beloved Edyth, to comfort her sorrow, and revive her spirit, confounded and depressed by the late event. Of her, he took a tender leave, with assurances of invariable fidelity, and passionate vows of speedy return to complete his happiness ; then departed to perform the duties of his new charge. But we were not as yet totally bereft of our darling object ; some intervals he found for brief, yet frequent visitings ; to delight us with the accounts of his advancing fortune. So completely was he now possessed with the thoughts of war and honour ; so elevated and transported by the view of courtly splendor, and the gay promises of youthful ambition ; that love seemed to hold but a second place within his mind : and the sighs and half-suppressed tears of Edyth, sometimes confessed her jealous fear of his estrangement. He saw, and chid her unjust suspicions : to allay them, he proposed that the holy father should instantly unite their hands. Their nuptials were sudden ; and their conjugal endearments, alas ! too soon interrupted by our son's necessary attendance on his royal master.

“ The land was now threatened with all the calamities of civil war. A second time had the bold barons put on their armour, and collected their vassals against John. My husband, altho' he had already suffered in their cause, yet still adhered with an obstinate integrity to that side which he deemed the great bulwark of his country. He earnestly prest young Edmund to abandon the service of a prince whose favour was precarious ; suddenly and capriciously bestowed ; and as suddenly and capriciously withdrawn. But he was heard with reluctance and aversion. He urged the solid comforts of honest poverty and contentment ; he called it shameful (forgive me, lady, if his homely sentiments offend) to unite with rapacious foreigners, and to embue his hands in the blood of countrymen and brethren. His son was still unmoved, and to all his arguments opposed one plea, his forfeit life, and the vast debt of gratitude he owed the king. A father's authority was then exerted. He was commanded, upon his filial obedience, to attend on the confederated lords ; the terrors of divine vengeance were denounced on his undutiful obstinacy. He hesitated ; but the flattering prospects of ambition at length

prevailed. He forgot the submission due to a parent's authority ; full of gay hopes, and impatient of controul, he hastened away to serve his liege lord, whilst my husband, irritated at his disobedience, pronounced something like a curse upon his unhappy son, and followed the standard of William de Albinet the commanding baron.

“ Through the course of these unhappy contests, Edmund encreased in honour; and still more and more approved his active valour. It is too well known with what shameful disregard to the protection of their adherents, the barons suffered a number of the most faithful to their cause to be shut up within the castle of Rochester, and to be sorely pressed by the royal army, while they themselves rioted in London. In a fatal hour, Edmund was commanded to the siege of this castle.—O lady ! a few words are sufficient for the rest of his sad story. How doth the dreadful remembrance pierce my afflicted heart ! Many deeds of manhood did he atchieve ; and oftentimes did he repel the desperate valour of the besieged. At the head of a small party, he at length ventured too rashly to approach the castle walls, and was suddenly encountered by a larger body of the enemy. The contest was obstinate and bloody : but his associates were borne down by numbers, and left him, as they yielded, singly engaged with a soldier, whose sword threatened destruction. They rushed upon each other, they closed, they redoubled their deadly blows, ’till at length, a well directed stroke from the arm of Edmund fell upon the front of his antagonist, cleft his beaver, and uncovered his wounded head. Edmund started ! stood aghast ; uttered some confused sounds of horror ! How can I speak it !——The ill fated youth—O for ever accursed be the authors of every civil strife !—had smote his father.

“ My husband, stunned and faint, was sinking down ; when Edmund seized him in his arms, and gently laid him upon the earth. He kneeled before him, in all the bitterness of anguish and distraction. His lamentations were loud and wild ; and earnestly did he implore for pardon ; and bitterly did he curse his own fatal error. The languid eyes of his father were fixed kindly upon him ; his faltering voice spoke forgiveness. And now was Edmund preparing to bind up his wound, and to convey him to some place of safety and relief, when the noise of tumult and rout grew loud. He turned his head hastily, to learn the cause ; and, in that fatal moment, received a shot from a cross-bow full in his brain. The son sunk down by the side of the bleeding father ; the routed, and the pursuers (a party of the royal army who had come to the support of their associates) trampled upon their bodies. Edmund had at once expired with a groan. My husband lived but to relate the dreadful story. . . . . “ Thus,



“ Thus (said Elinor) in one accursed hour, was I bereft of all my comfort. The calamity was too great for my weak heart to bear. The relation instantly confused my brain, and deprived me of reason. Long did I continue in a melancholy insensibility to my distress; and perhaps, heaven was kind in thus afflicting me. When time, and a brother's tender care, had at length restored my disordered senses, I learned, that the wretched Edyth had been seized with the pangs of untimely childbirth, had with pain and sorrow given her lifeless burden to the light, long languished in sickness and grief; and was at length retired to a religious house, there to end her wretched days. And there were they soon ended. I myself had been despoiled of all my possessions, by the fury of civil war, in which both parties were equally incensed against my husband or my son. Rescued from death, and supported by the kindness of my brother, the vassal of lord Raymond; him have I followed, and by his means have I been placed here; ready to obey our lord in all humble and honest duties: but we have not yet learned to be the base instruments of oppression.”

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FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XII. *Recueil de Medailles de Rois, qui n'ont Point encore été Publiées, ou qui sont peu connues.*

THIS elegant quarto does honour to the arts of Paris. It is a collection and description of such of the French king's medals, as had not before been published, or were but little known: some of them, indeed, have been exhibited, but very incorrectly, and on others, which are very obscure, the editor has made some curious remarks, the better to ascertain the events they were designed to perpetuate. The study of medals is not only amusing, but important. We are agreeably entertained in comparing the features of antient kings and heroes with their characters, as they have been delineated by cotemporary historians. We are able to derive from an accurate examination of medals, an intimate acquaintance with the different habits, customs, laws, and religion of former nations; sometimes to throw new light upon historical events, and correct the errors of chronology. The work now before us is printed on fine paper, with a fair large type; and the two and twenty plates, representing the figures of the medals, described, are extremely well engraved. The first exhibits Alexander I. king of Macedonia, ancestor to Alexander the Great; divers medals of Archelaus I. Perdiccas, and Philip II. In the second we find some of Alexander the Great; Demetrius, and Lysimachus.

chus. In the third we have Philip, the son of Demetrius; Perseus; Aresbus, and Pyrrhus, kings of Epirus; Mostes, king of Dalmatia; Manunius, king of Dyrrachium; Aleus, king of Tigæa; and a sovereign of Crete, supposed to be Minos. The fourth plate contains Audoleon, king of Pæonia; Scutes III. and Cotys V. kings of Thrace; Sauromates I. II. and III. and Eupator, kings of Bosphorus. The next is enriched with several medals of the Ptolemys, kings of Egypt, and one of *Berenice Satoris*. Cleopatra II. Cleopatra the Last; Ptolemy IX. of Egypt; Magas, and another sovereign of Cyrenaica; Juba; Cleopatra, and Ptolomey, sovereigns of Mauritania, are exhibited in the sixth copper-plate. The seventh contains some ascribed to Seleucus Nicator; Antiochus Soter; and some other monarchs of Syria. In the eighth are represented several heads of Antiochus II. deus; Seleucus II. Callinicus; Antiochus Hierax; Seleucus III. Araunus; and Antiochus III. magnus. In the ninth we find Seleucus IV. Philopator; Antiochus IV. deus Epiphanes Nicephorus, &c. Antiochus V. Eupator; Demetrius I. deus Philopator Soter; and Alexander I. Theopator Evergetis Epiphanes Nicephorus. The tenth, and four following, exhibit many other Syrian medals, which we have not time to particularize. The fifteenth gives us some medals struck by the kings of Arminia, Bactriana, and Partia. In the sixteenth are some of the kings of Osrhænum, and Judea. The next is filled with those belonging to the kings of Pergamus and Bithynia: the eighteenth, with the kings of Pontus: the nineteenth, with those of Galatia and Cebyris; the twentieth, with the sovereigns of Cappadocia, &c. The next contains a few that are unknown; and the last exhibits some medals of remarkable personages, such as Æneas, the son of Anchises; Xenophon, the physician, the favourite of Claudius; Tius, a pontiff of Miletum; the nymph Cyrene; and Procla, supposed to have been the daughter of Clodius, Aurelius Proclus, a magistrate of Thyatera.

On the whole, this performance abounds with judicious critical remarks, and very ingenious conjectures, and, in our opinion, will make a valuable addition to the antiquarian's library.

ART. XIII. *Le Chevalier D'Oliveyra, brule en Effigie comme Heretique comment et pourquoi?*

*Anecdotes et Reflexions sur ce Sujet, données au Public par Lui-même.*

IT appears that this unfortunate gentleman has, for conscience sake, forsaken his own country, and sacrificed every other consideration to the interest of his immortal soul. Having some years ago renounced the errors of popery, and afterwards published a pathetic address to his countrymen, on occasion of the dreadful



dreadful earthquake which destroyed great part of Lisbon, he has been lately condemned, unheard, by the inquisition, and burned in effigy as an heretic. In the little piece before us, we find an account of the chevalier's family, and his own conduct; of the strange and cruel proceedings to which he has been exposed; together with many sensible reflections upon the subject of religion. As he is a sincere convert to the Protestant faith, and a gentleman in distress, who hath chosen England for his asylum, we recommend him to the protection and hospitality of a people, distinguished by their generous compassion to all the children of distress.

## Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 14. *A Sermon preached at the Temple Church, on Sunday, November 15, 1761, upon Occasion of the Death of the Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. Thomas Sherlock, late Lord Bishop of London; who departed this Life on the 18th of July last, in the Eighty-fourth Year of his Age. By Samuel Nicolls, LL D. Master of the Temple, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. 4to. Pr. 6d. Whiston.*

AS this sermon was written and published merely with the design of doing honour to the memory of a late illustrious prelate, we shall pass over every part of it, but that which relates to the principal subject, concerning whom the following extracts may perhaps be agreeable to our readers.

‘He (Bp. Sherlock) was made master of the Temple very young, upon the resignation of his father; and was obliged to apply himself closely to business, and take infinite pains to qualify himself for that honourable employment: which he effectually did in the course of a few years, and became one of the most celebrated preachers of that time. Thus did he labour early in the word and doctrine, and approve himself a workman that need not be ashamed; thoroughly furnished, and bring out of his treasure things new and altogether inimitable. And thus, before he was forty years old, was he possessed of a set of as fine compositions, as this age, or any other age or nation, has ever produced: I mean those discourses lately published; and I speak it with more confidence, because the world has set to its seal that this is true.

‘In this station he continued many years, preaching constantly, rightly dividing the word of God, and promoting the salvation of souls. For his preaching was with power; not only in the weight of his words and argument, but in the force and energy with which it was delivered. For though his voice was

not melodious, but accompanied rather with a thickness of speech, yet were his words uttered with so much propriety, and with such strength and vehemence, that he never failed to take possession of his whole audience, and secure their attention. This powerful delivery of words so weighty and important, as his always were, made a strong impression upon the minds of his hearers, and was not soon forgot. And I doubt not but many of you still remember the excellent instruction you have heard from him, to your great comfort.

‘ About this time also it was, that he published his much-admired discourses upon the *use and intent of prophecy*, which did so much service to the cause of Christianity, then openly attacked by some daring unbelievers.

‘ Upon the accession of his late majesty to the throne, he was soon distinguished; and, with another truly eminent divine \*, advanced to the bench: where he sat with great lustre for many years; in matters of difficulty and nice discernment serving his king and country, and the church over which he presided, with uncommon zeal and prudence. Indeed such was his discretion and great judgment, that all ranks of persons were desirous of knowing his opinion in every case: and by his quick and solid judgment of things he has been able to do great good to many individuals, and very signal services to his country. For indeed he had a vast and capacious mind, taking at once into his comprehension the whole of things, and forming a settled judgment of them at one view, by a kind of intuition. And as this made him very capable of giving advice, so it was sure to bring him much trouble of that sort: which he cheerfully submitted to, resolving the doubts, and answering the cases of those that consulted him both at home and abroad.

‘ All this time, while he was thus taken up in the business of the station to which he was advanced, he yet continued to preach to his congregation during term; and in the vacation constantly went down to visit and to reside in his diocese: where he spent his time in the most exemplary manner; in a decent hospitality; in repairing his churches and houses, wherever he went; in conversing with his clergy, and in giving them and their people proper directions, as the circumstances of things required: and this he has done in a course of charges, composed with that knowledge of men and of things, as will do him equal honour with any other of his discourses, whenever they shall be published.

‘ And thus did this great man lay himself out for the public good; always busy, always employed, so long as God gave him



health and strength to go through those various and important offices of life, which were committed to his care.

‘ But now, though his mind and understanding remained in full vigour, infirmities of body began to creep very fast upon him. And then it was that he declined, when offered him, the highest honours of this church, because he was sensible, thro’ the infirmities he felt, he should never be able to give that personal attendance, which that great office requires. And this also induced him afterwards to accept the charge of this diocese wherein we live, because his business would be at home and about him, and would require no long journies, for which he found himself very unfit: And certain it is, that for the first three or four years he applied himself closely to business, and made one general visitation of his diocese in person: nay he extended his care to the parts abroad, and began a correspondence there, which would have been very useful to the church, if his health had permitted him to carry it on: but about that time it pleased God to visit him with a very dangerous illness, from which indeed he recovered, but with almost the total loss of the use of his limbs: and soon after his speech failing him, he was constrained to give over the exercise of his function and office, and was even deprived of the advantages of a free conversation.

‘ But though he was thus obliged to provide for the ministerial office, yet he still took care himself of the dispatch of business. For the mind was yet vigorous and strong in this weak body, and partook of none of its infirmities. He never parted with the administration of things out of his own hands, but required an exact account of every thing that was transacted. And where the business was of importance and consequence enough, he would dictate letters, and give directions about it himself. Under all his infirmities, his soul broke through like the sun from a cloud, and was visible to every eye. There was dignity in his aspect and countenance to the very last. His reason sat enthroned within him, and no one could approach him without having his mind filled with that respect and veneration that was due to so great a character. *My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!* We have lost a troop, a whole army, in him.’

‘ His learning was very extensive: God had given him a great and an understanding mind, a quick comprehension, and a solid judgment. These advantages of nature he improved by much industry and application; and in the early part of his life had read and digested well the antient authors both Greek and Latin, the philosophers, poets, and orators; from whence he acquired that correct and elegant stile, which appears in all his compositions. His knowledge in divinity was obtained from  
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the study of the most rational writers of the church, both ancient and modern: and he was particularly fond of comparing scripture with scripture, and especially of illustrating the epistles and writings of the apostles, which he thought wanted to be more studied, and of which we have some specimen in his own discourses. His skill in the civil and canon law was very considerable; to which he had added such a knowledge of the common law of England as few clergymen attain to. This it was that gave him that influence in all causes where the church was concerned, as knowing precisely what it had to claim from its constitutions and canons, and what from the common law of the land.'

Such is Dr. Nicolls's portrait of the great and learned bishop Sherlock. Whether this limner has done him justice must be submitted to the determination of the public: the features may, in our opinion, be like, and the outlines tolerably just; but surely there is not that strong expression, and warmth of colouring, which so noble a subject demanded. We intirely acquiesce, to say the truth, in the \* doctor's own opinion of this performance. A Praxiteles only is able to draw a Venus, and none but an Apelles should paint an Alexander.

Art. 15. *Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain. In French and English. Published by Authority. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Owen.*

From the perusal of these papers we have formed the following opinions: That Spain had no intention to break with England, when the negotiation between Great Britain and France was brought upon the carpet: that Spain had some right to expect the English settlers should quit the Rio Tinto near the Rincon of the Mosquito shore in America, in consequence of his Catholic majesty's repeated assurance, that, in this case, the English should be allowed to cut logwood, without molestation, in the bays of Honduras and Campeachy, until that privilege should be discussed by treaty between the two nations: that Spain, in hopes of obtaining some advantages in traffic, was prevailed upon by France, to communicate through her channel the memorial concerning the Catholic king's pretensions, which gave so much umbrage to the British ministry: that Spain being jealous and afraid of the conquests atchieved by the English arms in America, piqued at the refusal she had sustained with respect to the settlement on Rio Tinto, or Black

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\* 'And now (says he, in the last page of this sermon) upon a review of the whole, I am truly concerned to find, how little I have been able to say upon this great subject, which may do any justice to his character.'



Water ; affronted by the lofty manner in which her memorial had been rejected, and her pretensions declared inadmissible, attached by inclination to the French king, importuned and misled by the ministry of Versailles, and encouraged with the hope of success, by a persuasion that the finances of England were exhausted, at length resolved upon a rupture : that the Spanish minister dissembling the intention of his court, had cajoled the British ambassador with general promises, and artful professions, until the Assogues arrived from the West Indies with the treasure, and the ports of Spain put in a posture of defence : that his Britannic majesty's conduct with respect to Spain, at this delicate conjuncture, was such as reflected honour on his crown and councils, as displays an equal spirit of firmness and moderation.

Art. 16. *Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, laid before both Houses of Parliament, on Friday the twenty-ninth Day of January, 1762, by his Majesty's Command. In a Letter from a Member of Parliament, to a Friend in the Country.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

The author of this pamphlet endeavours to prove, that essential papers relative to this rupture have been suppressed. He says, Mr. P——t pressed with honest zeal the laying before the public, every paper relative to the six years negotiation with Spain. Had this proposal been complied with, the atrocious calumnies so industriously circulated, of his aversion to peace, and his endeavours to perpetuate and encrease the war, had been laid open to mankind, &c. The design of this piece seems to be a vindication of the late m——r ; and it must be owned, that many circumstances here touched upon turn out in favour of his conduct : yet the author ascribes all the success of the war by the lump, to well suggested plans contrived and executed under that m——y, without however demonstrating, that the plans were well laid, or, indeed, proving they were at all suggested by the m——r. We might, perhaps, with more reason ascribe every individual atchievement to the reigning prince : but the most brilliant and important of them all were, God knows, owing to good fortune, and the extraordinary spirit of enterprize and resolution in the officers and troops, which we will venture to say existed independent of any minister whatsoever. That there was a connection between France and Spain, previous to the last negotiation, is certainly true : that Spain was jealous of England, is equally true ; and perhaps she had engaged to declare for France, provided Great Britain should reject certain proposals of peace, which she might have deemed equitable : but we are still of opinion, that  
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all the intimation which the court of London had received, relating to those engagements, was not sufficient to precipitate a rupture without further explanation: nor do we think, that such a step, adopted the very moment it was proposed by the late m——r, would have been attended with any advantage, which ought to preponderate against the observation of those forms prescribed in all civilized nations, in favour of the interests of humanity in general; if, indeed, any consideration ought to weigh against a regard for these regulations. The proposal of the late Mr. P—, was broached in council about the beginning of October, and the Spanish flota had arrived in the bay of Cadiz, in the course of the preceding month. Two ships richly laden, arrived afterwards in the month of October; but even they must have been safe before directions could have been sent to intercept them. There are many curious particulars in this pamphlet, which seems to have been written by some person of shrewd parts, and extraordinary intelligence.

*Art. 17. An authentic Account of the Proceedings of their High Mightinesses, the States of Holland and West-Friesland, on the Complaint laid before them by his Excellency Sir Joseph Yorke, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Hague, concerning Hostilities committed in the River Bengal. 4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Becket.*

In this remonstrance, the Dutch East India company have fairly turned the tables upon the English governors in that country. They affirm, that on the coast of Cormandel, and on the river Ganges, they had been exposed to sundry grievances and insults by the contending parties, as well as oppressed by the tyranny of the nabob of Bengal: that in order to protect their commerce, and preserve their factories in these parts of the East Indies, some troops were sent from Batavia to the coast of Cormandel, where they landed accordingly, and a few were designed for their settlements in Bengal: that the commanding officer had particular orders to avoid all cause of offence, either to the French, English, or the nabob: that the Dutch governors had always adhered to the most scrupulous neutrality: that they had, at the hazard of their lives, peremptorily refused to join the former nabob against the English; and afterwards treated the officers of the English company, when in distress, with the utmost tenderness and humanity; that though they had the right of a free navigation in the river Ganges by an express firman of the mogul, and the undoubted privilege by the law of nature and nations, to visit their own settlements without controul, the officers of the English company had interrupted this navigation, arrested and detained their



their vessels, imprisoned, insulted, and robbed their people: that therefore by these and other acts of hostility here specified, the English were the aggressors: that all the friendly remonstrances of the Dutch council, were treated with insolence and contempt: that their having recourse to arms at last, was merely an act of self preservation and defence: that the English, instead of observing the treaty of friendship subsisting between the two nations, and assisting the Dutch company occasionally, according to the dictates of friendship and christian humanity, had taken all opportunities to express their animosity towards the subjects of the states general, and even concluded a treaty with the nabob, Aly Khan, by which they obliged themselves to assist him against all his enemies whatsoever, without restriction; an engagement by which they eventually renounced all the treaties subsisting between England and other powers, which might at any time fall under the displeasure of the said nabob: and likewise set at nought the firman of the mogul, the foundation of their commerce in that country; inasmuch as they provisionally espoused the cause of the subject against his sovereign.

With respect to the double victory obtained over the Dutch ships and forces by water and land, which was so much magnified in the English news papers, they declare, that instead of seven large ships, including four of the line, they had no more than four small ships engaged; that the complement of the whole, did not amount to two hundred men; whereas, that of the English, exceeded twice that number, over and above their great superiority in the weight of their metal; and that the English troops on shore owed their success entirely to their artillery, an advantage of which the Dutch were entirely destitute. Finally, they complain that they were compelled by the strong hand, to subscribe such terms of accommodation as the English and nabob thought fit to impose. In a word, this account is authenticated by such original papers, as, we apprehend, it will be found difficult to invalidate.

Art. 18. *A Continuation of the Address to the City of London.*  
8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Davis.

We have made shift to toil to the end of this address, of which we shall say nothing more, but that we think it might have been very well spared. Were we to enter into a particular discussion, we should probably increase the spleen of the author against the Critical Review, which he has honoured with some notice in his postscript; an honour we could not have expected from a person who professes to entertain such an opinion of our obscurity. We have now endeavoured to return the  
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compliment, by mentioning the second part of the address to the city of London, which, but for this intimation, might perhaps never emerge from oblivion.

Art. 19. *The Musical Lady. A Farce. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Becket.*

This is no bad satire upon that ridiculous affectation of taste and delicacy, which one often meets with in characters, which, in other respects, are intitled to some regard.

Young Mask is a needy adventurer, whose extravagancies have brought him in disgrace with his father, a covetous, rich, old hunk in the country, and exhausted all his resources except one, which is a fortune-hunting scheme, to be executed on the person of Sophy, a young lady, far gone in the folly of affecting a taste for Italian music. The first appearance of Mask is a diverting picture of a modern Templar, surrounded by duns, and confined by poverty in empty chambers. 'Was ever poor fellow (says he) in such a distressed situation?—a woman of fortune ready to run into my arms—and without money, cloaths, or clean linen, to pay her a visit.' However, he is luckily supplied by his friend Freeman, and prosecutes his plan with success.

Sophy is introduced in a ludicrous dialogue with lady Scrape, concerning a quarrel between two Italian musicians, Staccato and Caprice, in which quarrel the two ladies interest themselves on different sides, with all the zeal of the warmest partisans, as if the dispute was of the utmost consequence to the nation.

The second act opens with Mask cajoling Sophy, in the character of a great connoisseur in music, just arrived from Italy. This part he performs with so much art and success, intermingling flattery and courtship, bombast and importunity, that she at length consents to give him her hand, on condition that they shall set out for Italy, immediately after marriage.

While they are coupled at church, Old Mask comes to the Temple, and finds out the distresses of his son, against whom he inveighs with all the bitterness of paternal indignation, and meeting with Freeman, swears he will leave him to misery and ruin. But he changes his note, when he understands his son is married to a lady with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. He then launches out in encomiums on his genius and spirit, declares he will make a handsome settlement, and accompanies Freeman to the house of Sophy, where he finds every thing prepared for a concert in the hall. When the bride and bridegroom return from church, the old gentleman, by his bluntness, discovers that his son knew nothing at all of music, or Italian, and that he never was out of England. The son  
pleads



pleads guilty to the charge: the lady is mortified to find she has been deceived, but soon recollects herself; bears her disappointment with a good grace, and solemnly renounces her own pretensions to the gusto.—In a word, all parties are pleased, and the old man is gratified with a country dance. To this piece is prefixed a facetious prologue, written by Mr. Garrick. The farce itself is not destitute of wit, humour, and character; but there is little variety, and no change of fortune in the conduct of the drama.

Art. 20. *Observations on the present State of the Widows and Orphans of the Protestant Clergy of all Denominations, in Great Britain and Ireland. With the Outlines of a Scheme for the Relief of such of them as stand in Need of it. To which is annexed, a brief Account of the Widows Fund in the Church of Scotland.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Henderson.

This scheme, calculated for the benefit of the widows and children of dissenting clergymen, and written by a native of North Britain, as we perceive by some Scotch idioms, is a hint taken from the fund called the Widows Fund, in the church of Scotland; an institution well adapted for the purposes, and confirmed by act of parliament.

Provision of this kind to be established in different communities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, would not only answer the humane ends here proposed in favour of the widow and fatherless, but also encourage a greater number of individuals, to contract the matrimonial engagement, of consequence promote population, which has for some time declined in those kingdoms.

Art. 21. *Rules for the Choice of Husbands. Addressed to all the unmarried Ladies of Great Britain. To which is subjoined, a List of such Gentlemen as are at this Time properly qualified to enter into the happy State of Matrimony.* By Diana Phillips, Matron, &c. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Williams.

This prurient performance seems to have been produced by some superannuated retainer to a Covent-Garden temple of Venus.

Art. 22. *Four Genuine Letters, which lately passed between a noble Lord, and a young Woman of Fashion. To which is added, a Letter from a Lady to Miss ———. With a copious Preface, setting that Affair in a true Light.* By a Friend of the Earl of ———. 4to. Pr. 2s.

Whether these letters be genuine or spurious, it is not of consequence to enquire. At any rate the editor might have thought

of a less exceptionable scheme for raising a little money, than that of gratifying the malice of the public, by exposing the infirmities and domestic disquiets of private families.

Art. 23. *A Charge to the Poets.* By William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat. 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

We heartily wish the authority of Mr. Whitehead, the good humour, good sense, and agreeable verses so conspicuous in this exhortation, may prove effectual in appeasing the mutual animosities of the *genus irritabile vatum*. We wish he may persuade them to do justice to themselves, and to one another; to hear their rivals praised, without being stung with envy, and their own works censured, without being provoked to rage and recrimination; to be contented with their lot, whatsoever it may be, without complaining of neglect; and to comfort themselves in their distress with this reflection, that though they may be exposed to indigence and contempt during their natural lives, their fame will find justice in the decision of posterity.

At least you'll find, thus stoic-like prepar'd,

That verse and virtue are their own reward.

This, no doubt, is a very judicious, fatherly, and seasonable charge; though some starveling bard, who can scarce glean a wretched subsistence on the bleak common of Parnassus, will be apt to shake his head, and say, 'Ah, master Whitehead, how fluently a man philosophises on abstinence, when his stomach is well stored with capon and claret!'

Art. 24. *The Proceedings and Sentence of the Spiritual Court of Inquisition of Portugal, against Gabriel Malagrida, Jesuit, for Heresy, Hypocrisy, false Prophecies, &c. &c. Faithfully translated from the original Portuguese.* 4to. Pr. 2s. Marsh.

To us who live in a country blessed with freedom of thought and ample toleration of conscience, the sentence passed upon this unhappy fanatic must appear extraordinary. Father Malagrida was condemned to be strangled publicly with a rope, and to have his body burnt and reduced to ashes for having written certain visions, and pretended to work miracles, which plainly evinced that his intellects were disordered.

Art. 25. *The Battle of the Players; in Imitation of Swift's Battle of the Books. In which are introduced the Characters of all the Actors and Actresses on the English Stage; with an impartial Estimate of their respective Merits.* By the Author. 8vo. 1s. Richards.

With a little more common sense and decency this writer might pass in the crowd of authors.



Art. 26. *A New Estimate of Manners and Principles: or, a Comparison between Ancient and Modern Times, in the three great Articles of Knowledge, Happiness, and Virtue. Part III. Of Happiness; in which some Principles of Mr. Rousseau are examined.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Millar.

In the ninth volume of the Critical Review, p. 289, the reader may peruse our sentiments on the first and second parts of this *New Estimate*. There the author endeavoured to prove, that we moderns are, beyond all doubt, more knowing than the ancients; whence he infers in the present publication, that we are more virtuous and happy. Should the premises be granted, the conclusion may do well enough in a college declamation; but we fear it will not always hold in practice, as it may be questioned, whether virtue and happiness are always the necessary handmaids of knowledge. Perhaps the very contrary may be demonstrated, not only in particular circumstances, but with respect to the world in general. Does it appear that nations who have carried the arts of life and human knowledge to the highest perfection, are by any means more brave, more generous, more virtuous, or more happy, than others where science hath scarce penetrated the frontier, or is yet in an incipient state? Doth not knowledge, the mother of the mechanic arts, beget luxury, which serves to emasculate the mind, and plunge whole kingdoms headlong in vice and corruption? Accordingly do we not find, that corruption in particular, so prolific of every other vice, hath risen in proportion to the commerce, the riches, and the luxury of nations? The truth is, either side of the question will admit of specious arguments, and the subject is well enough adapted to the talents of an academical rhetor.

The apology prefixed contains divers strokes of humour, and a very judicious recommendation of the study of our mother tongue, at the two great seminaries of the kingdom, where, unhappily, all exercises are performed in the Latin language, which can prove serviceable in life only to a few of the members. The ridicule thrown upon the excessive reverence shewn for Greek and Latin, is certainly not ill-founded; but we wish the writer had considered, that notwithstanding the mother tongue is almost intirely neglected at the universities, there appears no great reason to blame the younger students for giving too close attention to the more learned languages. A Tully, or Demosthenes, may indeed grace the desk, but seldom have we seen the leaves of those divine writers soiled by reiterated turning.

The treatise concludes with strictures on Mr. Rousseau's Discourse on the Origin and Foundation of the Inequality among Mankind, of which we lately gave an account; and it must

be confessed that some of them are just and pertinent, though, upon the whole, the author appears to Rousseau as a dwarf climbing up the knees of a colossus.

Art. 27. *The Life and Amours of Count de Turenne, originally wrote in French by the Author of the Jews Letters.* 12mo. Pr. 2s. Williams.

The original narrative of the count de Turenne's gallantries is so destitute of merit, that we need say nothing of the translation. The man who could sit down to naturalize so indifferent a performance is beneath the censure of the Reviewers.

Art. 28. *King David Vindicated from a late Misrepresentation of his Character. In a Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Thomas Patten, D. D. late Fellow of C. C. C. now Rector of Childrey, Berks. 8vo. Pr. 2s. Rivington.

The Rev. Dr. Patten pleads, in apology for this critique upon a performance entitled, *The Life of the Man after God's own Heart*, that the silence of more able advocates for the Jewish monarch, hath devolved the task upon him. Surely he must have seen Dr. Chandler's Defence of King David, at least, before the publication of this letter; in which case we cannot think he has fairly measured his own with that gentleman's merit.

Art. 29. *The Necessity of Water-Baptism. Part. II.*

This is the second part of an attack upon Mr. Fothergill, or rather, as the author alledges, a defence of the first part from the misrepresentations of that gentleman. For our own parts we could wish, that part of the element in dispute were applied to moderate the heat of the reverend combatants, and wash out those stains left on the sacred function, by the virulence and acrimony of wrong-headed enthusiasts, and narrow-minded bigots.

Art. 30. *A Treatise on the King's Evil, setting forth a new Theory on that Disease; and a new Method of curing indurated and ulcerated Glands of the Neck, &c.* By T. Durant, Surgeon, London. To which are added, several Cases cured by the Author. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Waller.

We learn from this performance, that all the methods of practice hitherto laid down for the cure of the king's evil, are ineffectual; and that Mr. T. Durant, surgeon, in Fetter-Lane, is no empiric, although he keeps to himself the secret of certain specific remedies, which will infallibly remove and eradicate the most



most inveterate species of this distemper. There is something mysterious, however, in what he says in his preface: 'Proficients in physic may also be the better for this treatise; a sure way being chalked out to them to cure this distemper, according to the proverb, *verbum sapienti*.' How the distemper is to be cured according to the proverb, we should be glad to know: perhaps the words *verbum sapienti*, are used as a charm, as we have seen some cabalistical characters applied to the wrists in agues. Be that as it may, Mr. Durant assures us, that his practice is established on sound theory. We will take his word for it; and by way of a Rowland for his Oliver, remind him of another proverb, *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*.—Should we say any more he might turn our own battery upon us, and reply, *Vir loquitur qui pauca sapit*.

Art. 31. *An Epistle from Lady Jane Gray to Lord Guilford Dudley. Supposed to have been written in the Tower, a few Days before they suffered.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

There is nature, sentiment, and pathos, together with a good share of poetical merit in this performance, which the author has inscribed to lady Hervey of Ickworth.

Art. 32. *Horace's First Satire Modernized, and addressed to Jacob Henriques.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Cooke.

*Quid rides?*

*Pray Gentlefolks forbear your Scoffing.*

SWIFT:

We have found much entertainment in this burlesque, which abounds with humorous strokes, tho' the measure sometimes halts for it, and certain rhymes indicate the Hibernian pronunciation, *e. g.*

'To return to our soldier, our plowman, and trader,  
Not forgetting their worthy companion the pleader—

—incessant in toil, all around see her scrape,  
Then bear off the burden, to add to her heap.

—to a \* gossling these figures might call for explaining,  
But with half an eye, Jacob, you'll spy out my meaning'—

We are moreover a little scandalized at this wag's representing the patriot, Jacob Henriques, as a covetous, old, rich curmudgeon; whereas it is well known, that all this honest Hebrew's wealth consists in his public virtue, his knowledge in political arithmetic, and his seven blessed daughters.

\* Quære, Whether does he mean by *gossling*, a green goose, or a certain worthy a——n of L——n?

Art. 33. *The Rosciad of C-v-nt-G-rd-n. By the Author.* 4to.  
Pr. 1s. 6d. Gretton.

There is some ambition in this puny champion's attempt to wield the club of the Herculean Ch——ll: but, alas! finding his strength was not sufficient to raise it from the ground, he brandishes a light wooden javelin,

——— *telumque imbellis, sine ictu*

*Conjecit*———

The author of the C—t G—n Rosciad is a poor babbler in the pack, that opens at random, without a nose to scent the game, without teeth to offend his prey.

Art. 34. *The Four Farthing-Candles. A Satire. Inscribed to A——— D———, Esq;* 4to. Pr. 1s. Morley.

By the four farthing candles are typified a constellation of satirists, who have lately blazed in our poetical hemisphere, and probably shook, from their malignant tails, some baleful influence on this author or his friends. One of the four, however, is no more than an humble satellite, cold and bleak, and barren, that revolves round the Saturnian planet Ch——ll. We suppose this is the person whom our author celebrates as the manufacturer of a new Rosciad, sheltered under Ch——ll's protection——

‘ Thus from the village where aloof  
A cottage rears its humble roof,  
Of dirt and clay compos'd, a shrine,  
To gentle goddess Cloacine;  
Close by its side devoted stands,  
There plac'd by careful Clodpole's hands,  
Lest the first storm, that frowns on day,  
Should blow the tottering pile away.’

We would advise the author of the Four Farthing-Candles, whosoever he is, to desist from the unequal contest; for in flinging dirt he will find himself no match for some of the formidable heroes whom he has ventured to attack, or if he was, he would be soiled even by his victory.

Art. 35. *An Epistle to the Author of the Four Farthing Candles. By the Author of the Rosciad of C-v-nt-G-rd-n.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Gretton.

The four farthing candles afford a tolerable blaze of light, with some warmth; but this, in comparison, is a dull, melancholy rush light, that scarce serves to distinguish the meagre repast of a farthing pye.



Art. 36. *The Exhortation. A Poem. 4to. Pr. 1s. Woodfall.*

*Quocirca vivite fortes.*

HOR.

From the exordium of this poem, the author seems to think the nation wanted another *Tyræus* to animate her drooping spirits, and in this character he has stepped forth :

‘Rouze, rouze Britannia ! quick dry up thy tears,  
Nor let exulting Gaul behold thy fears.’——

Britain has had very little cause of late to whimper ; nor do we remember to have seen any marks of her despondence. Had it been necessary to give her a fillip, this poem would, no doubt, have produced a proper effect : for to give a higher zest to this exhortation, the author has squeezed in the praises of the dead, as well as of the living heroes, whether natives or allies of Great Britain. The poetry is not amiss, and yet we cannot recommend it as the production of a capital genius,

Art. 37. *The Cub, at Newmarket. A Tale. 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddley.*

We wish young Bruin had been licked into some form, before he shewed himself for the entertainment of the public : but, however, it is happy for him that he can make himself agreeable to those patrons on whose protection he seems more immediately to depend.

With respect to the tale, we will not pretend to point out its beauties. The scope of it seems to be contained in these lines :

‘Your lordship here then may observe,  
That nonsense frequently will serve  
To set a table on a roar,  
And drive dull sadness out of door.’

There is, without all doubt, a diverting vein of nonsense—nay, we will affirm, there are as many sorts of nonsense as of wit ; and surely he deserves some degree of praise who can adapt his nonsense to the taste of his company. How far this author is thus qualified to entertain the great, the reader may judge for himself, by perusing the Cub at Newmarket.

Art. 38. *Elegia scripta in Coemeterio Rustico Latine Reddita. 4to. Pr. 1s. Millar.*

This translation of Mr. Gray’s beautiful elegy is extremely well executed, and the dedicatory epistle to the poet, truly classical.

Dr. Wilson's Remarks \* upon some Passages of the Critical Review, for October 1761. Art. V.

THE account of my édition of Mr. Robins's Mathematical Tracts, which was published in the Critical Review for October last, contains several injurious reflections. How ill-grounded they are will readily appear by the following remarks, which I shall here subjoin to the passages themselves, extracted from that journal.

It is said there, page 267. *The learned editor has inserted nothing in this collection but what was before known to the public in detached pieces, except the preface;—together with an appendix,—*

REMARK I. In this collection are many dissertations written by Mr. Robins, which had never been published; as is mentioned in the title page, and more particularly in the preface. (a)

\* Our inserting the above remarks will shew that we are desirous of doing justice to the character of every gentleman who thinks himself injured by our criticisms; though we must confess we look upon this angry production of Dr. Wilson, as a stratagem to display his own erudition, and sound the praises of his friend Dr. Pemberton. After the most careful perusal of the article in our review on the doctor's edition of Mr. Robins's Mathematical Tracts, we are not able to discover that we have given him just cause of offence. We differed, it is true, with the doctor in certain opinions; we expressed our fear lest his learning might appear rather ostentatious and unseasonable to many readers; but we subjoined "that as to ourselves, we were satisfied with the instruction he offered, without being at all disgusted with his manner." Candor required that the doctor should have quoted these words in his remarks, unless he wanted to persuade the reader that the Reviewers were strongly prejudiced against his performance.

The publications of the month may be sufficient to convince Dr. Wilson how little leisure we have for altercation; however, we shall endeavour to make such strictures on his principal remarks, as will be sufficient to vindicate our own impartiality, and prove, that if the doctor is not captious in his objections, at least, he regards his publication with the too indulgent eyes of a fond parent.

(a) We could wish the doctor had pointed out many dissertations in this collection which were not before known to the public. We have since cast our eye over the performance, and can assure the reader, that except a few inconclusive experiments on the resistance of the air, there is not a single piece in the collection, but has the date of its first publication in the margin.

Pag.



Pag. 274. *Dr. Wilson has enriched his narrative with—a great number of learned remarks in geometry and physical knowledge,—. Many of these, however, may appear ostentatious and unseasonable, as every occasion is seized for introducing his reflections upon the ancient and modern geometry.*

REM. 2. In publishing the mathematical tracts of a friend, who in his life-time had constantly recommended the ancient geometry, in opposition to the opinion of many; I thought it not unseasonable to enlarge on that subject, and to confirm his sentiments by various authorities. (b)

Pag. 274. *We proceed now to the appendix, in which Dr. Wilson vindicates his friend. The first point he labours, is, to rescue his friend from the imputation of plagiarism, which he effects by leaving it a moot point whether his other friend, Dr. Pemberton, had not been the literary buffar, and Mr. Robins only the receiver of the plunder. The case is as follows: Dr. Simson of Glasgow had demonstrated that celebrated problem of Alhazen, 'To find the ray, which issuing from a given point, should be reflected by a spherical surface to the eye, in any given position,' long before the year 1729. About that time he began to teach it publicly in his class, and to give his pupils copies of it, as it afterwards appeared in his treatise on Conic Sections; and, in the year 1739, Mr. Robins made use of this demonstration as his own, in his severe critique upon Dr. Smith's Optics.*

REM. 3. The real state of the case undisguised is this. Mr. Robins, in his remarks on Dr. Smith's Optics, had taken occasion to demonstrate a construction, which Slusius had given for the solution of a certain problem of Alhazen. Dr. Simson, not till eleven years after, publishes in the second edition of his Conics a similar solution, and says: That he had been accustomed to explain it in his academical lectures ever since 1729, had even communicated it in writing, and that he had found it a length of time before; expressing a jealousy, that Mr. Robins, whose demonstration proceeded upon the same principles with his own, must have been informed of what he had done. And though it is here asserted, that Mr. Robins has published Dr. Simson's demonstration; Dr. Simson only says, that the demonstration in Mr. Robins was not much

(b) Whether it was necessary to enlarge upon a point that is now universally received, is only a matter of opinion, upon which the doctor and the reviewers will not probably agree. And we fear the doctor will never be able to convince mankind, that a tedious critique on Barrow and Newton, and a panegyric on mathematics, could answer any other purpose than the gratification of vanity, by an ostentatious display of the hard names of authors quoted in the margin.

different from his own, but is very solicitous, for certain reasons, that it should not be thought the same. (c)

Pag. 275. In the second edition of *Simson's Conic Sections*, the doctor complains that Mr. Robins should have taken no notice of the method he came by this demonstration; 'Num eam ipse invenerat, aut aliunde acceperat;' and indeed insinuates, that he was less candid than might be expected from a gentleman, whose genius stood in no need of borrowed discoveries. This matter Dr. Wilson endeavours to clear up, by acquainting us, that Mr. Robins had the demonstration from Dr. Pemberton, but was not at liberty to use his name; and that the said Dr. Pemberton had considered the problem above eighteen years before, and had communicated it to Dr. Wilson when they were fellow-students at Paris. Without, however, calling the Doctor's veracity in question, we cannot help remarking, that it looks a little ostentatious in Mr. Robins to publish directly, as if it were his own, a demonstration which he had from another person, especially as the problem was of importance, and but imperfectly solved by the best mathematicians. He might at least have mentioned that it had been communicated to him by a friend, whose name he was not at liberty to make public. Another extraordinary circumstance is, that Dr. Pemberton should have kept by him for the space of eighteen years, a demonstration that reflects more honour on his genius than all the publications of his life, and at last suffer it to see the light as the work of another. The Doctor had not made so many important discoveries in geometry or physics, as to make light of a demonstration that distinguishes great depth and ability in both. He was daily communicating something to the public, either in his own name, or through the channel of the *Philosophical Transactions*, less deserving the public attention; whence we may fairly conclude, that

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(c) Possibly the reader may think our state of the case at least as intelligible and undisguised as the doctor's. It is acknowledged that Dr. Simson demonstrated the problem, and taught it publicly in his class, long before it was published as his own by Mr. Robins; and this is all we have affirmed, not only upon Dr. Simson's testimony, but from our own knowledge; nor can we at all think it probable that Mr. Robins should be unacquainted with this solution, considering the intercourse between the countries. Be this as it may, certain it is, that the solution was not Mr. Robins's: Dr. Wilson acknowledges that he had it from Dr. Pemberton, and yet Mr. Robins leaves the world to ascribe the discovery to himself; whence he may be fairly taxed with ostentation, and claiming an unjust right to the fruits of his friend's genius.—Thus, in the issue, our candid remarker must either confess, that Mr. Robins had not the demonstration from Dr. Pemberton, or he must allow what we asserted that he was vain and ostentatious.

Dr.



*Dr. Pemberton's claim must rest wholly upon his own and his friend's credit, which it is not our intention to dispute, though we think ourselves supported in this by strong presumptions.*

REM. 4. Thus whatever Dr. Simson has said in his own cause is to be admitted without any hesitation, while my veracity is to be impeached in the cause of another; and in a point, wherein I have no other interest than to vindicate a friend from a suspicion Dr. Simson had entertained of him, which I knew to be groundless; in doing which I have expressed myself in terms of the greatest respect towards Dr. Simson. (d)

At least Mr. Robins must not be discharged from Dr. Simson's suspicions, but by transferring the plagiarism to Dr. Pemberton, though of a most chimerical kind, the robbing Dr. Simson of an invention, without any design of giving himself the credit of it.

The proof is, that it is very extraordinary, that Dr. Pemberton should keep by him unpublished for so many years a demonstration of a problem of such importance and so much celebrated, and but imperfectly solved by the best mathematicians, requiring also such deep abilities in physics as well as mathematics, that the solution of it would have reflected more honour on his genius than all the publications of his life.

And to encrease the wonder, it is asserted, that Dr. Pemberton was daily communicating something to the public, either in his own name, or through the channel of the Philosophical Transactions. This distinction between Dr. Pemberton's own name, and the Philosophical Transactions, I leave this author to explain. But surely it was incumbent on him to shew, where Dr. Pemberton could, with any propriety, except in the Philosophical Transactions, have delivered a problem of this kind;

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(d) Have we any more than Dr. Wilson's asseveration in this case, and are not we at liberty to pay as much regard to Dr. Simson's suspicions, and to probability, as to the assertion of the remarker? We did not presume to question Dr. Wilson's veracity, but we intimated our surprize, that Mr. Robins should neither have mentioned Dr. Simson, nor Dr. Pemberton, though it is probable he knew what the former had done, and it is affirmed he borrowed the demonstration from the latter. As to transferring the plagiarism to Dr. Pemberton, the reader need only consult our words, quoted by Dr. Wilson, to be satisfied we had no such intention. On the contrary, it appears to us, from all that Dr. Wilson has advanced in this laboured remark, that Dr. Pemberton has not to this day solved, or even published, the problem.

and

and in those collections nothing had been inserted by Dr. Pemberton, since 1723, when in treating on the rainbow, a subject much more celebrated and of greater importance than this problem of Alhazen, he there employed the foundation of his solution of Alhazen's problem. (e)

Here it might be sufficient to ask, did not Dr. Simson keep his solution long to himself, and afterwards reserve it for his academical lectures, where he imparted it only to his scholars, for many years; not producing it to the public till 1750? Dr. Pemberton never had scholars to explain his inventions to; and if he was too remiss in regard to the public, the reason is very obvious, as it appears by his permitting it at last to come forth without any mention made either directly or by innuendo of himself, that he had not that exalted idea of it which this writer affects to entertain. (f)

But to be more particular, what the great importance of this problem is, farther than a curious mathematical speculation, or what those depths of philosophical knowledge are, which the solution of this problem requires, I am yet to learn; and as to its celebrity, it amounts to no more than this. Dr. Barrow had taken cognizance of the problem, as it came in his way in the

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(e) The reviewers will suffer the doctor to indulge unmolested in all that is waggish in the preceding paragraph; but they must be allowed to express their surprize at his want of apprehension, in desiring to know the difference between publications in Dr. Pemberton's own name, and through the channel of the Philosophical Transactions. Pray, Sir, have there been no anonymous papers ever published in the Transactions? If so, why might not a gentleman of such invincible modesty, as to suffer his discoveries to be claimed by another, likewise communicate anonymous papers to the society? As to the subject, more important than Alhazen's problem, upon which Dr. Pemberton was employed since the year 1723, we must confess ourselves totally in the dark, and will esteem it a favour if the doctor will oblige us with some information, as he seems to be deep in the secrets of that profound geometrician.

(f) Here our remarker gives up Mr. Robins intirely, being sedulous only about vindicating the reputation of Dr. Pemberton. It was our design to shew, that Dr. Simson had cause for complaint, and that either Mr. Robins ought to have mentioned Dr. Simson or Dr. Pemberton's name; or that the right to the solution must rest wholly upon Dr. Wilson's assertion; in which opinion we must still remain, until more undeniable documents are produced.

course



course of his optical lectures ; where he gives Alhazen's solution of it, signifying that he had attempted to find out one more concise, but without success. This appears to have excited two great geometers, Huygens and Slusius, to attempt the problem, and since the Marquis de l'Hospital in his treatise of Conic Sections, &c. introduced it amongst his problems. (g)

(g) Pray what more would Dr. Willson desire than a solution of the problem by an analysis of the antient form, which he has been at so much pains to recommend in his preface? What can give greater importance to a problem, in pure geometry, than its having been imperfectly solved by the best mathematicians of the age? In vain does the remarker endeavour to depreciate the value of Dr. Simson's demonstration, while he is forced to acknowledge that it foiled the abilities of a Barrow, a Huygens, and a l'Hospital. A geometrical demonstration was the very thing sought, and this never was effected either by Slusius, Huygens, l'Hospital, or even by Dr. Pemberton ; the three former having only attempted it by an imperfect analysis, the several steps and progression of which were to themselves unsatisfactory. If Dr. Willson had consulted the *mesolabum* of Slusius, he would have found that in his own opinion, the principles upon which he founded the calculation for his solution of Alhazen's problem, were imperfect ; for he has there given another in preference. It would be invidious to enter upon a strict examination of what progress Dr. Pemberton has made in the solution of the problem. Even his construction is ungeometrical, though his demonstration serves well enough for the purpose intended, which was very remote from a geometrical analysis of the problem in debate. And as to the solution of the second problem on the rainbow, by assigning the locus of the vertex of Dr. Simson's triangle, which the remarker quotes, it would have been as much to his purpose, had he transcribed a question out of the ingenious Mr. Cocker's Arithmetic. However, we could wish we had been made acquainted with the dates of all these vast discoveries. Now with respect to Dr. Simson, his analysis is equally simple and geometrical ; notwithstanding the opinion given by Mr. Robins, that in a problem so complicated this was impossible ; and as to the construction of the problem, it must be admired for its concise elegance, by every one capable of observing how closely the doctor has trod in the footsteps of the best ancient geometers. Be this as it may, it is nothing, to us whose business only it was to shew, that Dr. Willson had by no means cleared up Mr. Robins's character from the imputation of plagiarism from Dr. Simson, or at least claiming for his own what belonged to Dr. Pemberton.

These

These calculations produced several solutions, and at length that which Dr. Simson has exhibited; the hyperbola, by which the problem is here solved, being determined by Huygens from its asymptotes, and by Slufius from the same diameter as Dr. Simson, though the ordinates to that diameter are assigned by a different rule; so that Dr. Simson has in fact done nothing more than, by an analysis of the ancient form, attaining nearly to Slufius's solution, and from thence deducing a geometrical demonstration of it. Now who are the mathematicians whom the author would insinuate to have solved the problem less perfectly than Dr. Simson? Certainly none of these now named. It is indeed true, agreeably to Dr. Simson's own idea, that a problem is not perfectly solved, till the limits and determinations attending it are assigned: and thus neither Dr. Simson nor any one else has solved this problem perfectly, except Dr. Pemberton; from whom I have given the limits, whereby the number of solutions may be determined in all cases.

This Dr. Simpson gives not the least intimation of, though Dr. Pemberton in the forementioned problems on the rainbow (*Philosophical Transactions*, No. 375.) had set the example; and shewn the genuine method in solid problems of deriving, in imitation of Apollonius, their requisite determinations and limits from the general solution.

But, to conclude, it may perhaps facilitate the reader's apprehending what has been now said, if the problem be set down, which Dr. Simson, without introducing any deep philosophical speculation, reduces to a simple mathematical proposition, thus: The circle  $FG$ , whose center is  $A$ , being given in position, also two points  $B, C$  given in the plane of the circle; to find in the circumference the point  $D$  such, as  $BD, CD$  being drawn, they shall make equal angles with the semidiameter  $AD$ .

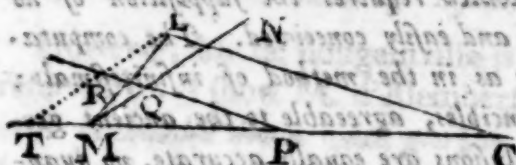


Now here,  $AH$  being taken (as Huygens and after him Slufius had done) a third proportional to  $AB$  and  $AF$ , also  $AK$  a third proportional to  $AC$  and  $AG$ , after the marquis de l'Hospital had taught, that  $HD$  and  $DK$  being drawn, the angles  $AHD, AKD$  were equal, and had also with the fore-said authors drawn the line  $HK$ ; Dr. Simson had the penetration to discern, that, this line dividing the equal angles  $AHD, AKD$ , the angles on each side would have the same difference, and consequently the point  $D$  would be the vertex of a triangle, as  $HDK$ , wherein the angles at the base,  $DHK, HKD$



HKD would have a given difference, the angles AHK and AKH, which have the same difference, being both given.

This now is the sublime discovery, which shews greater marks of genius than appears in all, that Dr. Pemberton has published in his whole life; for the other part of the solution, which is the assigning the locus of the vertex of this triangle, for which Dr. Simson has premised a distinct proposition, Dr. Pemberton had published six years before Dr. Simson had communicated his solution to any one. The second problem on the rainbow is solved by this very locus in this manner.



In the triangle, CML, in that proposition, CMN being an angle given, the angle NML is shewn to be equal to MCL (that is, that the angle CMN is the difference between MCL and QML) and hence the line MC being bisected by the line PR drawn parallel to CL, the triangles PRM and RMQ will be similar, and the rectangle under PRQ equal to the square of RM, or RL; and thence it is concluded, that the point L is in an equilateral hyperbola, whose center is P, and that touches MN in the point M, by the intersection of which hyperbola and the circle of this proposition the point L is found.

Again it is immediately afterwards shewn, that LT drawn parallel to NM will be ordinately applied in the hyperbola to the diameter CM, and that the angle MLT is equal to MCL; but upon this angle Dr. Simson's analysis of the locus is entirely founded.

Here let me observe, that Dr. Pemberton did not confine himself to one form; but as his original analysis furnished a very commodious demonstration in the trisection of a circular arch by this locus, so the other consideration is applied in demonstrating Slusius's solution of Alhazen's problem, as there more convenient.

Nor was he so captivated with his demonstration of Slusius's construction, as not to consider Huygens's also; of which I have accordingly added a demonstration, and farther have subjoined another solution of the problem, of a different form from any, which had been before exhibited.

Page 276. All the French philosophers, he (Dr. Wilson) says, have come into Mr. Robins's method of explaining Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine; in confirmation of which he quotes a passage from Mr. Bougainville, which, in our opinion, proves nothing more than that this writer does not understand the works of the great Newton, or the doctrines which he pretends to adopt. Le calcul de Newton

est indépendant de la réalité des quantités infiniment petites. Say you so, Mr. Bougainville! Cast your eyes on the tenth proposition of the second book of the Principia, and you will there see whether the calculus of Newton be independent of the reality of infinitely small quantities. (b)

REM. 5. Of the same opinion with M. de Bougainville was Mr. Maclaurin, who, at page 49 of his treatise on fluxions, says, Sir Isaac Newton accomplished what Cavalierius wished for, by introducing the method of fluxions, and proposing it in a way that admits of strict demonstration, which requires the supposition of no quantities but such as are finite, and easily conceived. The computations in this method are the same as in the method of infinitesimals; but it is founded on accurate principles, agreeable to the ancient geometry. In it the premises and conclusions are equally accurate, no quantities are rejected as infinitely small, and no part of a curve is supposed to co-incide with a right line. (i)

The absurd notion of infinitely small quantities much prevailing, Sir Isaac Newton, in opposition to it, published in 1704 the introduction to his treatise on quadratures, where having described his method of fluxions independent on such suppositions, he says, *In finitis autem quantitatibus analysin sic instituere, & finitarum nascentium vel evanescentium rationes primas vel ultimas investigare, consonum est geometriæ veterum: & volui ostendere quod in methodo fluxionum non opus sit figuras infinite parvas in geometriam introducere.* Again, in the preface to his Analysis, printed in 1711, it is said, *Hujus Geometriæ Newtonianæ non minimam esse laudem duco, quod dum per limites rationum primarum & ultimarum argumentatur, æque demonstrationibus apodicticis ac illæ*

(b) This paragraph Dr. Wilson has quoted, though he hath not thought proper to make any reply. We referred to a proposition in the Principia, as a proof that Bougainville did not understand the doctrines upon which he presumed to decide; and it was the remarker's business to have shewn that we were mistaken.

(i) Here Mr. Maclaurin speaks of the doctrine of fluxions, as it remained corrected by Newton before his death, and brought to its ultimate perfection. He doth not say that his fluxions were always independent on, and free from the consideration of infinitely small quantities; and if he had, even Mr. Maclaurin will appear to have been mistaken.—The same may be alledged of the subsequent extract, from D'Alembert, who considers only the improved and corrected doctrine of Newton, without regard to the opinions laid down in other parts of his works.



veterum munitur; utpote quæ haud innititur duriusculæ illi hypothese quantitatum infinite parvarum vel indivisibilium, quarum evanescencia obstat quo minus eas tanquam quantitates speculemur. And afterwards, in 1715, when he had occasion to shew the advantages of his method above the differential one, he says in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 342, p. 205. *It is more natural and geometrical, because founded upon the prime quantitatuum nascentium rationes, which have a being in geometry, whilst indivisibles, upon which the differential method is founded, have no being either in geometry or in nature. And he had before said, we have no ideas of infinitely little quantities.*

However, M. de Bougainville is not the only French writer, I referred to, I show M. d'Alembert, (whose name, our critic says, will be handed down with glory to posterity, when the memories of half the dabblers in geometry of the age will be forgot) to have adopted the same opinion with M. de Bougainville. This appears from many places of his writings; in one he says: *Il (Newton) n'a jamais regardé le calcul différentiel comme le calcul des quantités infiniment petites, mais comme la méthode des premières et dernières raisons, c'est-à-dire la méthode de trouver les limites des rapports.* Encycloped. tom. iv. pag. 986.

Pag. 276. Our limits will not permit us to enter upon an intelligible review of this controversy; sufficient it is, that our learned editor wrests every expression of the best modern mathematicians, that bears any affinity to the sentiments of his author, into a direct approbation of his opinions, though possibly they might never have perused them; or else into an indirect hint that they borrowed of Mr. Robins.

REM. 6. I was very particular and exact in all my quotations, that it might easily be discovered, whether I had wrested them or not, from their genuine meaning. (k)

(k) The reader must determine, from the perusal of the doctor's preface, whether we have accused him of partiality to his author without reason; and now we take our leave of the remarker, assuring him that we entertain no prejudice to his person, or partiality for Dr. Simson: that to us it is a matter of indifference whether he claims the solution to himself, or ascribes it to Mr. Robins, or Dr. Pemberton, provided the public enjoys any benefit that may result from it; that, to our apprehension, he has only rendered the point in dispute still more problematical; and that, had he required our reasons for believing that Dr. Simson alone has given an adequate solution of the

The authors I quoted had read Mr. Maclaurin's treatise, in which Mr. Robins's method of explaining Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine is followed.

Pag. 276. After some animadversions on d'Alembert,—for concurring in certain opinions with Bernoulli, in opposition to Sir Isaac Newton, or rather to Mr. Robins; he (Dr. Wilson) proceeds to a review of the controversy between Newton and Leibnitz.—Every sciolist has consulted the *Commercium Epistolicum*, and the papers relative to this controversy in the *Philosophical Transactions*, which are alone sufficient to vindicate the honour of the immortal Newton.

REM. Mr. d'Alembert's very words are, *On trouve dans le 1. tome des Oeuvres de M. Jean Bernoulli, un memoire où l'on remarque avec raison que Newton s'est trompé, quand il a cru que la difference seconde de  $x^n$ , en supposant  $d x$  constante, est  $n. (n-1) x^{n-2} d x^2$  au lieu qu'elle est  $n. (n-1) x^{n-2} d x^2$*

&c. *Encycloped. tom. iv. p. 988.*

I have endeavoured to vindicate Sir Isaac Newton from such objections, as have been made since the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum* and of papers not contained in the *Philosophical Transactions*.

I have moreover not only vindicated him from other objections besides those relating to the invention of fluxions; but have also shewn, that the doctrine, he has substituted in the place of the crude ideas of indivisibles, was brought by him to its last perfection by gradual steps, which I considered as a point of no small importance; for want of being apprized of this his defenders have been intangled with needless difficulties in attempting to justify expressions in his former writings, which he himself has at length condemned.

the problem, we would readily grant him that satisfaction, were we not afraid of distracting our printer, and incurring the ridicule of our discerning readers, by garnishing our page with any more unnecessary diagrams.

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